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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLI No. 1972 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — NOVEMBER 6 1937

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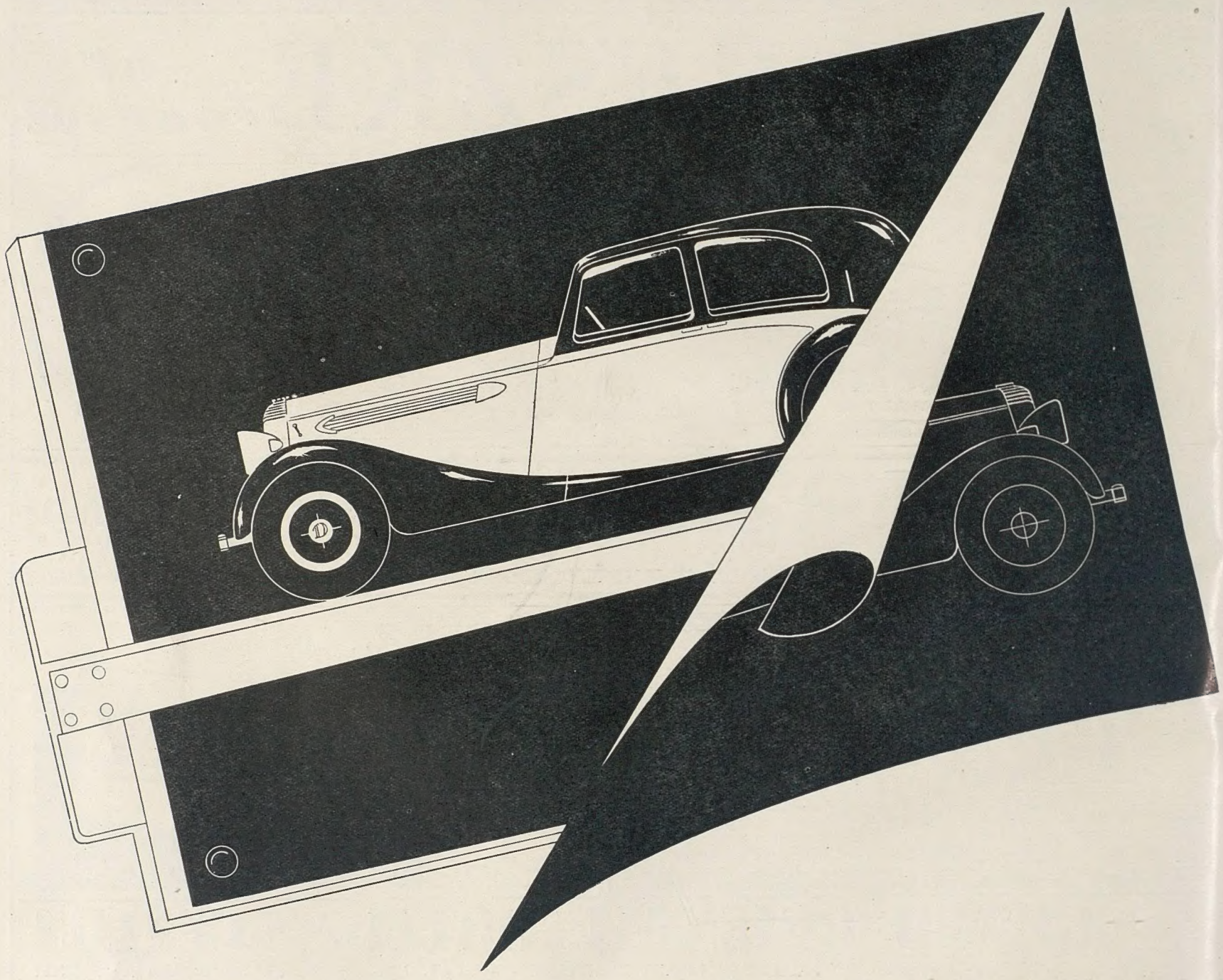

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THE SPHERE
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, November 6, 1937

JAPAN BREAKS THROUGH

The Army and Marine Commanders of the Right Wing Standing on the Balcony of a Captured Building to Watch their Men Push on Towards Shanghai

Though the eventual outcome of the fighting on the Shanghai front would not appear to be fraught with the same consequence as the campaign in the northern provinces, the antagonists there are battling with such desperate intensity—such do-or-die abandon—that each clearly holds that victory by the Whangpoo will give a moral ascendancy which in the long run may well prove decisive. Last week the conflict raged at its fiercest, and the Japanese, after hammering for such a while against the stubborn Chinese defences, finally broke through, staging a spectacular advance in the centre and on both flanks, and sweeping forward right into much-bombed and much-shelled Chapei on the very boundaries of the International Settlement, where the British defence force and other foreign troops were posted to meet emergencies. This Japanese success was hard-won indeed, recalling the bloody victories of Passchendaele and the Somme, and the absence of all casualty lists in the Tokyo press was only too significant of the extent of the slaughter. The Chinese, aided by the heroic efforts of their rearguard, retreated in more or less good order

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

ROYAL CHURCH PARADE: The King and Queen, who went into residence at Sandringham almost immediately following the opening of Parliament, acknowledging the greetings of tenants, villagers, and visitors as they walked to morning service last Sunday

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, November 3, 1937.

A NEW SESSION.—Seen through the magic casement of the gold coach, the youth of the King and Queen, who in truth are young and look much less than their ages, was accentuated. That appearance of extreme youth which strikes one when he observes them on solemn occasions of pageantry is one of three or four main causes for our universal worship. It is necessary for all peoples to worship some symbol, and the British people have always made their Royal Family the first choice, when practicable. Our King and Queen to-day are young; they are royalties—there are two reasons to account for their incredibly quick rooting in the hearts and affections of the nation. A third is that from the beginning they revealed such astonishing proficiency and goodwill in a very onerous and difficult job. As I watched them pass, from the steps by the German Embassy, I felt how much preferable to all other forms of youth-worship is our own. . . . There was nothing new and nothing surprising in the King's speech, the chief heads of which I set forth many weeks ago. It is a full programme of work and it is gratifying to note the large ratio of business which is definitely "domestic" in character. If our Ministers are not perpetually interrupted by long-distance calls, they are going to do a lot of tidying-up in our back yard. And high time, too. If the proposed measures do not represent a very comprehensive plan to "raise the standard of life of the people and to establish economic prosperity on a just (and wholly Socialistic) basis," then indeed words mean nothing and Socialist ideals are moonshine and Opposition leaders must be acquitted of party play-acting. But the truth is, National Government once more has taken the wind out of Mr. Morrison's sails and stolen Mr. Attlee's thunder. Meanwhile the prospect of those long-distance calls looms ahead. The first fruits of the Dictators' Berlin tea-party are revealed, the bargains are on the counter. Germany promised moral support for Italy's determination to secure a victory for Franco in Spain; Italy will lend hers to Germany in her colonial campaign, which may or may not be a bargain counter in her designs for expansion in Central Europe. It is crudely stated, it is baldly stated; and it is difficult to put any other interpretation on the Duce's latest speech. It is a remarkable feature of modern diplomacy, this interference by a third party in matters which concern two other nations.

THE PASSING OF "DICK" SHEPPARD: Two impressions of Canon H. R. L. Sheppard, D.D., sometime vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, for two years Dean of Canterbury, and latterly canon and precenter of St. Paul's, whose sudden death has robbed the Church of one of its most beloved figures. *On the right* he is depicted acting as a sandwichman to advertise a meeting in Hyde Park of the Peace Pledge Union, the pacifist organisation he brought into being and on behalf of which he worked so ceaselessly. His cheerfulness, never failing humour, magnetic personality, and powers as a preacher won him a host of friends and admirers in every walk of life

WARMONGERS.—There was an English governess—she has become a tradition—who, shut up in Paris during the siege in the Franco-Prussian war, never discovered there was a war on. She was aware that the food deteriorated and that curious noises and alarums were heard in the night but, not being interested in foreign politics, she did not relate these phenomena to abnormal happenings. She has become a tradition of British stupidity (in French eyes). To-day there is no "war on" in France but there is certainly in Paris to-day not a single French governess, or potential French governess *et hoc genus omne* who has not been guilty during the past two months of seeing war where no war is. In Paris salons and salles-à-manger the talk and gossip have been unceasingly of war, war, war. War imminent, certain, to-morrow, or next week. I am bound to say that the stupidity of that English governess of tradition shows up in a very favourable light beside these panic-mongers. These foolish French virgins should as a punishment be deported to New York and married to such of the Wall Street panic-brokers who can offer them that honourable estate. For warmongering is worse than a crime to-day. It is a blunder.

ROYAL VISITORS TO LONDON: Princess Maria of Savoy (centre), youngest of the King of Italy's four daughters, dining with friends in a West End restaurant on the day after her arrival. Her sister, Queen Giovanna of Bulgaria, has also been in town since last Sunday in company with King Boris. Their Majesties took a suite at the Ritz Hotel

STOP-LIGHT SIGNALS.—A decision by the Court of Appeal that a motorist is not absolved from his legal duty in merely relying on an automatic light-signal to indicate an intention to stop is still regarded as a case for instant action by the Minister of Transport. Two million motorists "don't know where they are." If the stop-light signal is a mere useless gadget, what about the horizontal light-arms indicating right and left turns? The motoring associations—always sure of themselves—are in no doubt that the decision is cruelly hard on motorists. Myself, I am not so certain. We drive through streets and along roads picked out with coloured lights indicating a score of things from "Danger" to chemists' shops. We sit in the wells of sports-car driving-seats and cannot see the ground for yards ahead of us. I have never cared for these automatic gadgets, which are apt to get out of order—the light-arm is usually bent by the wind and rendered useless after the first month—and I have always relied, and always will rely on the human arm as a signal. Those

who like to drive with the driver's window shut would do better to sit before their fire indoors. The worst of motoring associations is that they always holloa before they are hurt; always are cock-sure. In this case they might remember that the car behind is as much a subscriber to their organisations as the car in front. Before pronouncing, they might canvass the opinions of the people they claim to represent.

DICK SHEPPARD.—He has already been compared with St. Francis, and indeed his religion was the religion of humanity. The *fellowship* of Christianity was his message and life's teaching and example. He was a friend to thousands and to his intimates the most lovable character and the best company on earth. He was not an intellectual and he detested and distrusted forms and dogma. Humanity was his religion, the brotherhood of man his aim, and his weapon was humour. He was indeed simple and seemed a sentimentalist. But he was not so simple as St. Francis and not so much a sentimentalist but that he made shrewd use of publicity to further his ideals. He was the much criticised pioneer of broadcasting in religion, he employed modern methods to further his pacifist campaign. In spite of his health he was robust in his outlook, for he was a sportsman and a man of the world. St. Martin's was his God-sent opportunity and remains his monument. High office in the Church was never in his line, for he was by nature a revolutionary, and he was intolerant of tradition and pomposity and snobbery. A rare spirit, a brave and selfless man who loved England and the English character and scene, he moved the mountains of inertia and complacency by his humanity and humour and energy and courage.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING and many dancing troupes all over the country are already getting ready for their chorus work in the big pantomimes. These youngsters belong to Molly Lynn's dancing school at Stepney

A GRAND OLD MAN.—Sir Herbert Maxwell had many attributes which inspired my respect and affection. He was a Scot and a scholar, antiquary and field naturalist, poet and practical economist, sportsman and man of letters. He was as efficient in public life and business as in his historical researches. He was a link with the past (born in 1845) with a lively interest in the present and future, and a respect for the past. He wrote *Memories of the Months*, which prove his worth as naturalist and man of letters. He was courteous and exact. There was one more link which chained me to him in affection and respect. I suppose that until his death last week he and I were the only two people living who had read the Creevey MSS. right through with a critical eye and knew what they contain in their 5,000,000 words or so. And I am glad to remember that I have a letter from him in which he declared his agreement in my view that the evidence supporting the tradition of Creevey's parentage was overwhelmingly strong. He was ninety-two when he died and had been a marvel for a decade. A wonderful old man who laughed at old age and refused to accept its usual restrictions. He worked on like a man in the prime of life, a "daily-breader" between Monreith and Edinburgh, and he attended King George VI at Holyrood, though he was born only eight years after the death of William IV. The happy idea that he should be consulted about the literary value of a mass of old letters which had lain for half a century in an attic in a Northumberland house, came on a hopelessly wet Sunday about 1900. The *Creevey Papers* resulted.

BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.—Under this caption, men of light and leading in all branches of literature lately entered the lists on the question of cheaply priced literature. A modern tendency is to publish new work at less than half the price that trade control set as a minimum a decade ago. The half-crown or three-shilling books—new works—begin to shoulder out the same matter published at 7s. 6d. or 8s. 6d. Some say it is a good thing, others a bad. Some say it gives a new chance to young unknown authors. Others, like Sir Hugh Walpole, strenuously deny it, and point to the damage which must result to the already distressed bookseller if Book Societies distribute new books at "popular" prices. Let us blow the froth from this particular pot of bitter. Let us debunk. First and last the crisis in the book trade is due to one chief cause, the over-production of books. If 15,000 instead of 30,000 books were published each year on a principle of sounder selection, the trade might still flourish and would still have a part in educating the public. As it is it neither flourishes nor guides public taste. And another thing. In present conditions the young author has nothing to lose by any change.

LITERATURE AS A CAREER.—Take as an example a young man whose bent is literary and who turns out sound biography. If he writes with care he may produce one book a year. His work, however sound, has no general public appeal (unless he develops a Guedalla popularity). Half the country libraries do not even stock his work. They "don't go beyond novels, there is no demand outside." Accordingly, he is in the publisher's eye an unproved author. What terms do they offer him? They may publish his book at, say, 10s.; and they will offer him 10 per cent. on the first 500 copies sold, 12½ per cent. on the next, and perhaps 15 per cent. beyond. What are his hopes of sales? If I named the *average* sale of published biography no one would believe me. The figure is so absurdly low. But say he sold 500 copies—which is miles beyond the average—what is his profit? £25 for a year's hard work. Say he sold 1,000 or ran into a second impression. What then? He might earn £75 for a success. A chauffeur or a gardener can be sure of twice that figure for his year's work. In short, no man can *live* by writing biographies of a sound, unspectacular kind. It is merely a hobby, a side-line. I speak as one not quite inexperienced. I do that sort of thing myself and, being no longer a chicken and having reached a certain stage of adroitness, I can admit from my experience that individuals, if not publishers, are ready to pay generously for biographies of illustrious persons recently dead. But I can remember the day when approved writers (not best-sellers or nearly) could command £2,000 or more for a full-dress biography of some departed statesman, and when the writing of serious books was indeed an economic proposition, a profession. It has not been so for decades. The profession of letters (as opposed to crime and fiction writing) is dead as Queen Anne. I write books as a side-line, a (for me) not unremunerative side-line, but I *live* by journalism. As for the younger writer, he stands no chance at all of making a living as an untried writer of serious biography unbespoken, that is, depending solely on the publisher's judgment of its merit.

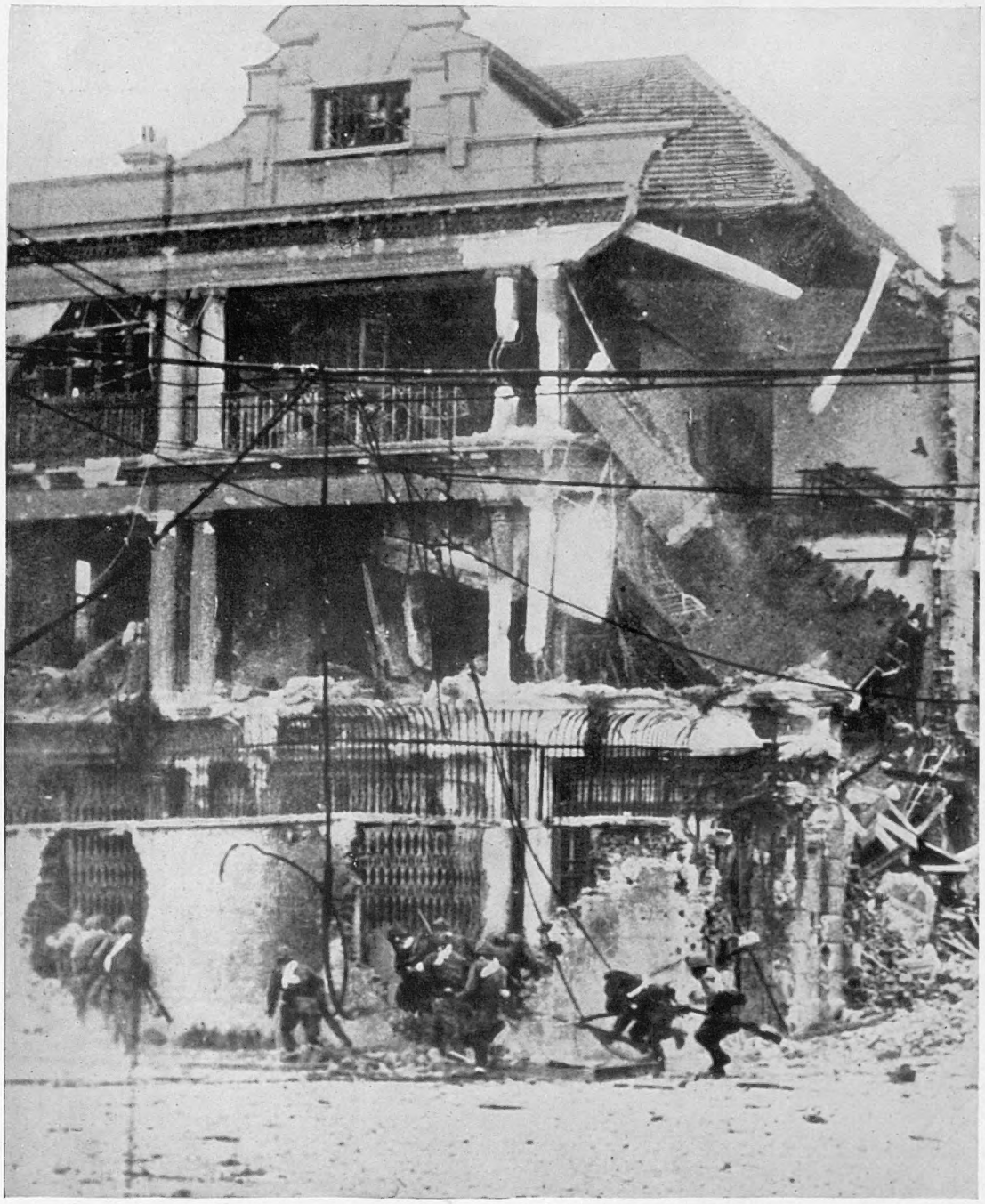
THE GERMAN EMBASSY.—The vast pile in Carlton House Terrace possesses every amenity for the residence and official offices of the representative of a foreign Power—save one. It has no aerodrome. The flying Ambassador-at-large, Herr von Ribbentrop, is still compelled to use the roads and streets at least from embassy to airport. That mercurial Ambassador is for ever in the air and at large. He was appointed here in August, 1936, and has spent five-twelfths of his fourteen months out of England and much of that absence in the ether. He has been back and forth from Germany half a dozen times, and last week he went in a hurry to Rome interrupting one more "flying-visit" to London. Hitler, it seems, can hardly spare him from his side and has no good substitute for him as a confidential messenger when tact is required. His visit to Rome, it was understood, had the object of urging the Duce not to carry obstruction to the withdrawal proposals too far and not to irritate beyond endurance the democratic Powers, especially in view of the happier auguries for success for Franco's arms. And indeed there seems some colour for the optimism of my Spanish friend who three weeks ago hinted that Franco might shortly surprise European opinion and that two years would see the end of the Spanish civil war. The widow of a former hostess of the Carlton Terrace embassy is in the news. Princess Lichnowsky—born Countess Mechtilde Arco-Zinneberg—has still many friends in London and many admirers of her writings which have been translated into English. She is to marry Major Ralph Peto who met her first in 1900 when he was attaché at the Legation in Munich. Four years later she married Prince Lichnowsky who was Ambassador in London when war broke out, and died in 1928. Princess Lichnowsky is unlikely to have forgotten the tragic memories of those days, for none felt the tragedy more keenly than she and her husband who were grateful for the loyalty and consideration shown by their English friends in those hours of prejudice and madness.

THE OLD STAGER

BEEF, BEER, AND CHURCHWARDEN PIPES are the highlights of the Annual Audit Dinner given by the Duchy to the tenantry of the Duchy of Cornwall estate, who, after trekking across Dartmoor to Princetown to pay their rents, sit down to a right royal feast. The unbroken chain of these dinners has been maintained for centuries, and there is nothing else quite like this gathering in the whole of the West Country

IN THE SINO-JAPANESE WAR ZONES

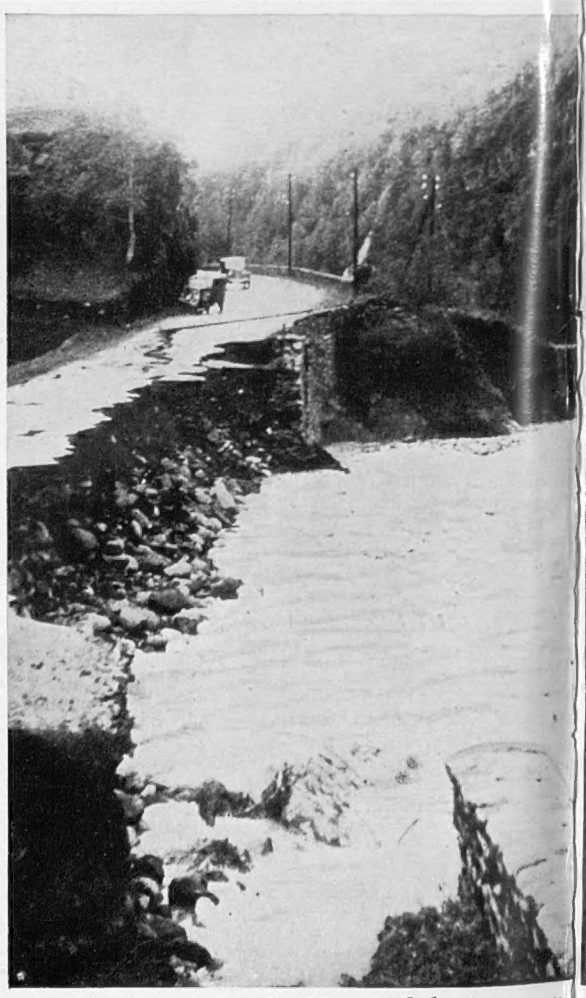
A Special "Sphere" Sketch Map Illustrating the Events of the Past Week Round the International Settlement: Japan's "Suicide Squad" in Action



INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH: Members of the so-called Japanese "suicide squad," a body of men dedicated to risk all for the glory of their country, charging into a battered building in the Chapei district of Shanghai in a last desperate attempt to take it in hand-to-hand fighting, following the failure of long range tactics. The squad volunteers for all such work and has suffered tremendous losses in the campaign to date, but such is the Oriental outlook there is no lack of recruits. The Chinese also have their "dare-and-dies" and it is for this reason that the fighting round the International Settlement is of such an intense and stubborn character

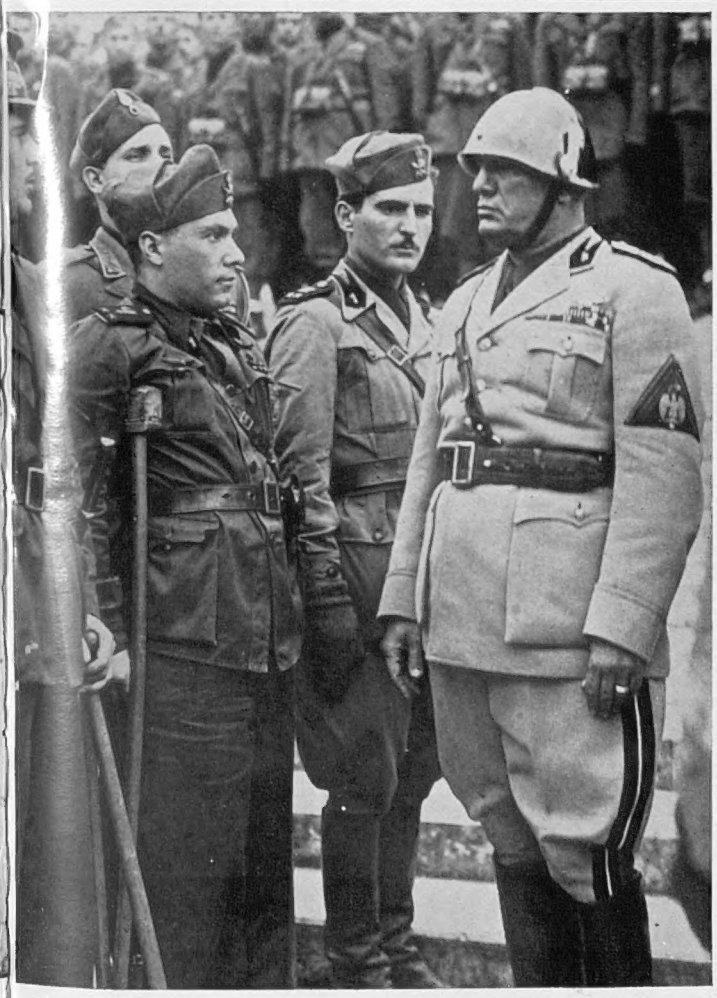
WAITING FOR ZERO HOUR: A Chinese raiding party about to go "over the top" in a part of the lines bordering the Peiping-Hankow railway in North China. This trench would appear to be completely dry, but many of them, it is reported, have been a foot or so deep in water as a consequence of the recent torrential rains

THE SHANGHAI THEATRE OF WAR AFTER JAPAN'S BIG by Douglas Macpherson from the latest available data how last week the invaders at length pierced the Chinese

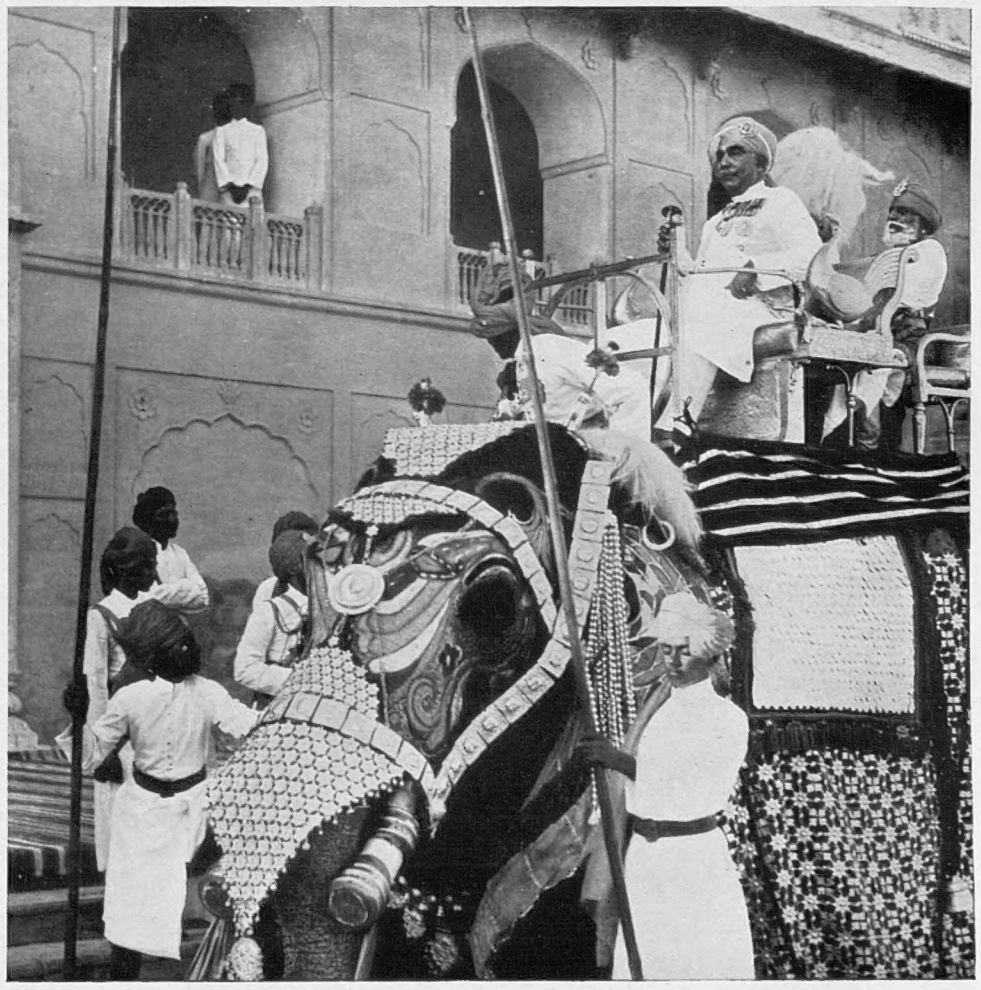


FLOOD HAVOC IN THE HAUTES PYRENÉES: As a result of the recent heavy rains the river became so swollen at this point between Luz and Pierrefitte that it undermined the roadway running alongside, a large section of it collapsing. Much damage of this nature has been done in Southern France during the past few days

TRUST: This sketch map, compiled for "The Sphere" regarding the disposition of the opposing troops, shows defences and pushed in towards the city along a wide front, one flank actually entering Chapei and coming face to face with the British troops guarding the borders of the International Settlement. It was in Chapei that the "Dare and Dies"—a small force of Chinese determined to fight to the end—occupied a warehouse and held it so that their colleagues could withdraw almost unhindered to new trenches

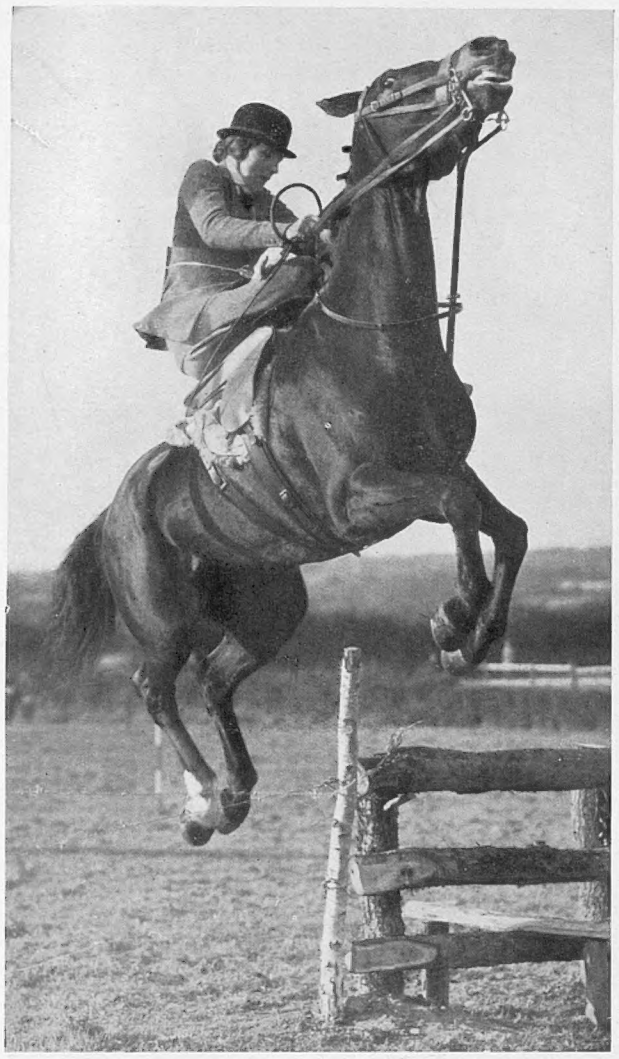


BACK FROM THE WARS: Signor Mussolini with Italian soldiers wounded in the Spanish Civil War; a picture taken at last week's ceremony on the Piazza Venezia, Rome, when he presented the men with medals for valour gained in the campaign and also decorated the wives and mothers of many of the fallen. According to an official Rome statement 763 Blackshirt legionaries have so far been killed



THE MAHARAJA OF BIKANER CELEBRATES THE JUBILEE OF HIS REIGN: His Highness, who for the past fifty years has ruled over India's seventh largest State, setting out from the old fort on a gorgeously caparisoned elephant in a procession to the chief Hindu shrine of the city. This is only one aspect of the rich pageantry that has been taking place in the Maharaja's capital during the past month and which reached its climax this week with the visit of the Viceroy, His Excellency Lord Linlithgow. All Bikaner is en fête and its floodlit palaces and fountains are a sight to behold

THE WAY

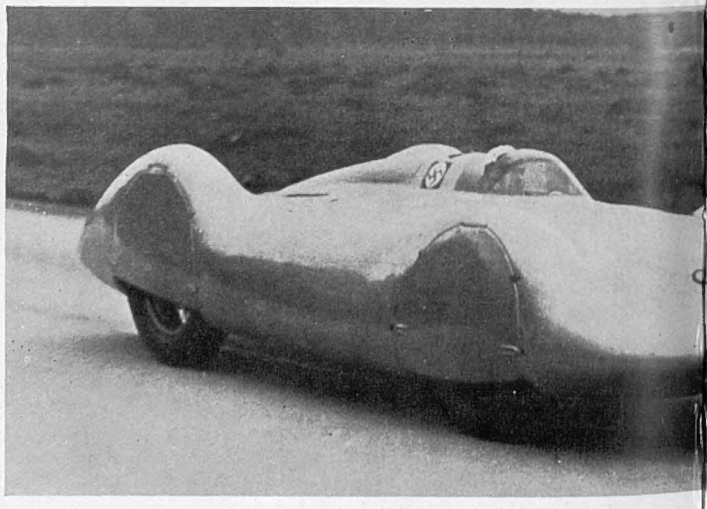


HUNTER TRIALS—AND TRIBULATIONS: Mrs. Patrick Saunders' Sheina takes a mighty leap over the stile (*above*) while Colonel C. H. Walsh's Minto (*right*) slides into the ditch owing to the slippery nature of the turf. Two pictures taken at Lea Place, Wisborough Green, Sussex, as members of Lord Leconfield's hunt held their annual show and trials, testing their mounts over a stiff course, rendered all the more difficult on account of the going—wet on the surface and hard beneath. This week hunting came into its own, many of the big packs in the shires and provinces holding their opening meets

THE GRAND MUFTI IN EXILE: The Arab leader, who, after being shorn of his offices escaped from Palestine and went to Syria, pictured in Beduin dress as he left the French Sûreté in Beirut following interrogation

BIG BUSINESS: The largest transformer ever exported from this country being lifted by a mammoth crane on to the cargo vessel, *Beaverburn*, at Surrey Commercial Docks when being despatched to Canada. It has been made by the Hackbridge Electric Construction Company at Walton-on-Thames, and evidences the expanding trade in electrical equipment between this country and the Dominions

FATE OF A GRIMSBY DRIFTER: The still smouldering hull of the *Nordrift* after she had gone ashore in a gale near Easington, Yorkshire, and then been gutted by fire. When the vessel grounded heavy seas swept over her and the crew lighted flares which were immediately

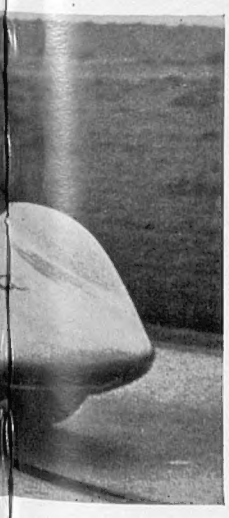


BOTH BROUGHT OFF A DOUBLE: *Above*—B. Rosemeyer, of Germany, driving his streamlined car when breaking two world records for the 5-8 litre class on the Reich motor track at Frankfort-on-Main, and (*right*) Rosemeyer with Major A. G. T. Gardner, the British racing

OF THE WORLD

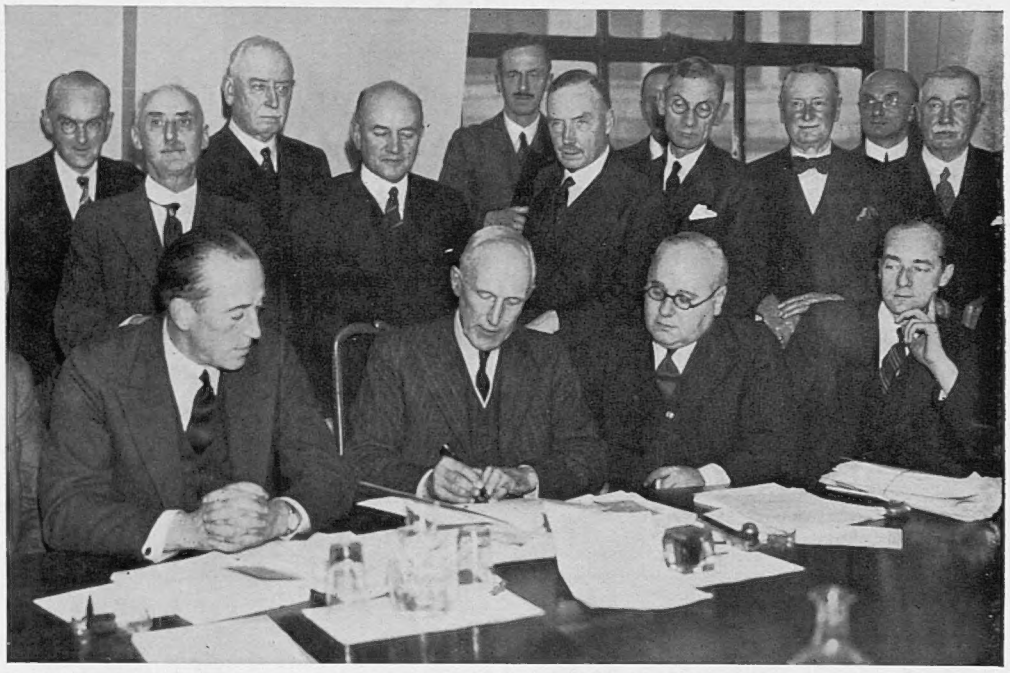
FLIGHT THAT FAILED: Govind P. Nair, the Indian airman, wearing a garland blessed by a Hindu priest in London, pictured before he took off from Croydon on his ill-starred Atlantic flight. A few hours after setting out his machine stalled above Pommereux, near Rouen, and crashed into some trees. Nair was killed instantly

seen at Easington and Spurn. A rocket brigade at once went to the rescue and succeeded in bringing the five men to safety by breeches buoy. This is only one of several wrecks that have taken place on the East Coast during the past week of severe storms



driver, who distinguished himself at the same time by establishing two world records in Class G with a 1,100 cc. M.G. Magnette racing car. Rosemeyer, who was Europe's champion driver in 1936, was over in England last month, triumphing in the Grand Prix at Donington Park

SAFE AND SOUND AFTER DESERT ORDEAL: Brigadier-General A. C. Lewin (third from left), the sixty-three-year-old airman, and Mrs. Lewin (right) standing in the cockpit of an Imperial Airways power boat on arrival at Malakal on the White Nile following their dramatic rescue from the mosquito-infested swamps of the Bor district in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan where their plane came to grief. They were marooned for nine days under the burning tropical sun, but eventually were sighted from the air and later brought to civilisation by a British District Commissioner and some Sudanese soldiers

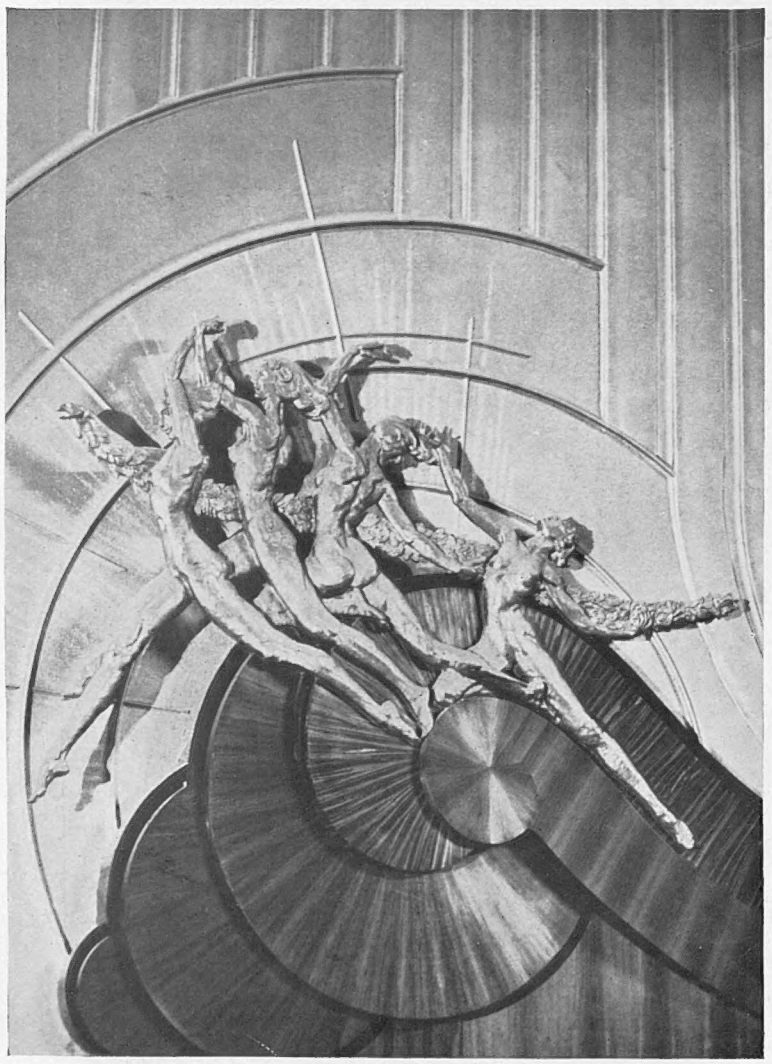


GIVING THEM SECURITY: Mr. A. B. Cauty, chairman of the National Maritime Board and director of the Cunard White Star Line, signing the charter at the meeting of the Board on October 29 at Bevis Marks House, London, E.C., when the Merchant Navy Officers' Pension Fund was formally inaugurated. The scheme is contributory, officers and owners each paying 9d. for every £1 of salary earned

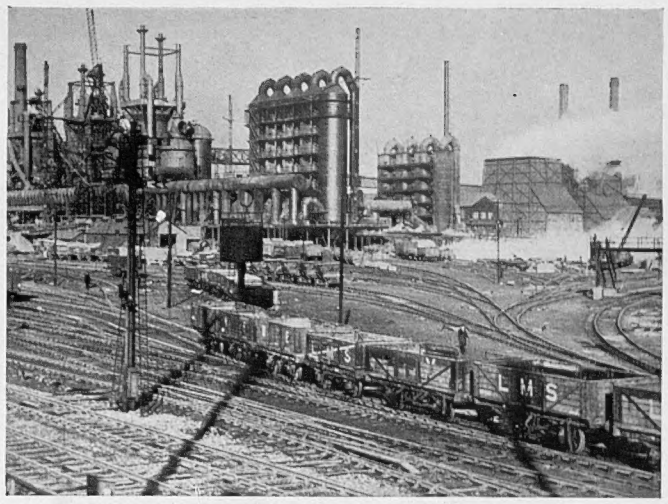
BRITISH PAIR WIN EUROPEAN BALLROOM DANCING CHAMPIONSHIP: John Wells and Renee Sissons receiving their prizes after their victory in this contest held a few days ago in the Marble Hall at Berlin Zoological Gardens. They put up a magnificent performance in the face of strong opposition

START OF THE HUNTING SEASON: The North Cotswold pack moving off to draw after the first meet held outside the Lygon Arms in the old-world village of Broadway, Worcestershire. Owing to very thick fog on the hills hounds kept to low lying ground, but they had a first-class day with three runs of varying length. Other big hunts also reported excellent sport

CARDIFF VOTES: A policeman looks after the children outside a polling station in the Grangetown Ward while their mothers are inside marking their ballot papers. These municipal elections held on Monday last throughout England and Wales were for the most part a straight fight between Labour and Conservative, and in some London boroughs the former recorded big gains



JOY OF LIFE is symbolised in this group by Raymond Briton-Riviere on the walls of the new Odeon Cinema which has just been completed and opened in Leicester Square on the site of the old Alhambra Theatre. There are two such groups, but for the rest the décor is effectively simple



NORTHAMPTON'S NEW STEEL TOWN: The great works at Corby with its huge furnaces and busy shunting yards, all of modern growth

RE-BIRTH *of an* INDUSTRY

Steel Comes Into its Own

By J. BAKER WHITE

In the first nine months of 1931 our iron and steel plants produced 2,846,900 tons of pig iron and 3,836,600 tons of steel. The comparative figures for the same period of 1933 were 2,966,100 tons and 4,970,600 tons. In the same period of the present year there was an output of 6,180,900 tons of pig iron and 9,548,300 tons of steel. Further, in spite of unprecedented home demand, total exports for the first nine months of the year exceeded those of the corresponding period of 1936 by over 22 per cent.

TRAVELLING by the pleasant cross-country road that runs from Market Harborough to Oundle and thence on to Peterborough you pass through what was ten years ago the peaceful and completely rural village of Corby. To-day the village is still there, but it is the core of a new and ever-growing town complete with new shops and a large and busy hotel. Standing out hard against the sky are the turrets of blast furnaces, the chimneys of power-houses, and the long roofs of the rolling mills. Fussy little engines are busy in the new railway sidings shunting ore-stained trucks, and trains steam away laden with steel bars, rods, and tubes.

Thus in the heart of Northamptonshire Messrs. Stewart and Lloyds have created a vast new plant working the low-grade iron ore that lies under the ground in almost inexhaustible quantities, producing pig-iron for the steel rolling mills and tube plant that have arisen round the furnaces, providing a livelihood for thousands of men.

Farther north-east, in the top end of Lincolnshire and near the old market town of Brigg, is another great plant producing iron and steel for the nation's industries, the Scunthorpe concern of the United Steel Companies, Limited. Its size and rate of development may be gauged from the fact that in September, 1931, there were six furnaces in blast in Lincolnshire, and the county's output of steel in that month amounted to 30,000 tons. In September of this year there were fifteen furnaces in blast in the county and its output of steel was more than 117,000 tons. These two plants are in a way symbolical of the regeneration and recovery from depression of the British iron and steel industry, in its way one of the most remarkable chapters in the economic history of the present half-century.

The figures in the table attached to this article tell the story far more eloquently than can words. In the autumn of 1931 the "economic blizzard" was sweeping across British industry and no section of it was more affected than iron and steel. With row upon row of empty shipyards, rigid economy on expenditure in armaments, and the engineering industry in the doldrums the demand for steel was at a very low ebb. The depression was world-wide and so the export trade was contracting.

It is to the credit of those at the head of the industry, and to our vital national advantage in these troublous days, that they never lost faith in its eventual recovery. Nor were they blind to its faults and shortcomings, and they embarked collectively on the reorganisation and rationalisation of the whole industry to secure more efficient production. Individually a number of large firms sank, between 1931 and 1935, huge sums in the construction of new plants at Corby, Scunthorpe, Sheffield, and elsewhere. They took a risk—which no Government controlling nationalised industry would ever dare to take—and to-day they and the nation are reaping the benefit.

The extent of recovery has varied from district to district. It has perhaps been most striking in Scotland, where there was one solitary furnace in blast in 1931, as compared with sixteen to-day. Recovery has come rather late to South Wales and Monmouth, where there are still only six furnaces blown in, but the huge new plant at Ebbw Vale will make for a material improvement when it is in full production.

The busiest individual district is the north-east coast, with thirty-seven furnaces painting their fiery messages against the night sky. In this district they were very thankful a few weeks ago for an unexpected supply of foreign ore as there was a fear that some furnaces might have to be blown out.

In these days of high production this shortage of steel-making materials is a pressing problem.

The problem of scrap is being solved by a nation-wide drive for the collection of what the street-dealers call "any old iron." Old railway lines, worn-out machinery and motor cars, rusted agricultural machinery, broken-down bedsteads, even the rusty remnants of a thousand rubbish heaps are being collected and fed into the hungry furnaces. Old ships go into the breakers' yard to play their part in making plates for new ones, while many unsightly war relics such as guns and tanks are being cut up to make new tanks and guns for our defence.

There is no indication that the demand for British steel has yet passed or even reached its peak. Many of the new navy ships are not yet on the stocks and the mass production of fighting material for the army is as yet hardly in its stride. In the industrial field important concerns are planning big new plants that will require large quantities of steel for their construction and for the machinery they will contain. Large quantities of girders, pipes, light castings, and metal window frames are wanted for the building industry, and the motor industry, apart from the usual seasonal decline in production, shows no signs of halting in its steadily expanding output. The railway companies are also engaged upon large development plans. The new East London tube, the Thames Tunnel, and the new Waterloo Bridge alone will require large quantities of steel.

In recent years the British iron and steel industry has been the object of much criticism. Some of it has been well-informed and justified: much of it ill-informed and unjustified. But the fact remains that to-day it is highly organised to meet not only the ordinary needs of industry but the demands of re-armament as well.

BRITISH IRON AND STEEL INDUSTRY

Comparative Statistics for Month of September

Year	Furnaces in Blast	Production of Pig Iron (Tons)	Production of Steel (Tons)
1931	62	248,200	400,500
1933	74	359,700	669,000
1935	97	529,600	855,900
1936	111	650,800	1,027,000
1937	132	726,600	1,163,000

FRANCO CONQUERS THE NORTH

His Victory Complete with the Fall of Gijon, Last Government Stronghold on the Cantabrian Coast

FIGHTING IN THE PUERTO DE PAJARES: These Government militiamen, equipped with skis as an aid to mobility, are still holding out in the mountains forty miles to the south of Oviedo, but in the north the war has virtually been brought to a close with the fall of Gijon, last Red stronghold on the Cantabrian coast. Though, in the words of a Salamanca communique, "the northern front has disappeared," the victory has cost Franco many lives and has seriously depleted his treasury

DYNAMITED BY RETREATING REDS: The Simoncas Barracks at Gijon reduced to a mere shell by the Asturian irregulars when the fall of the town became imminent. Franco's troops had little difficulty in capturing Gijon once they had hammered their way to its environs, being aided by the flight of the Asturian Government and the simultaneous rising of their own supporters

INTERREGNUM: This picture was taken in Gijon after the flight of the remnants of the Asturian Government and an hour or two before the entrance of the rebel troops. At this time Franco's supporters in the town were mounting guard over the public buildings to prevent wanton destruction, and the womenfolk were adorning their balconies either with the rebel colours or white flags in token of submission. The food situation is said to have been desperate towards the close of the struggle

WRECKED BY AERIAL BOMBING: A house in Gijon destroyed by rebel planes which did a good deal of damage in the town before it was taken. Another picture showing white flags (for the most part towels and sheets) on the balconies of buildings, an indication of the inhabitants' acceptance of the new regime

THE DREADED BOMB SLINGERS OF THE ASTURIAS: A miner placing a charge in a sling and *(right)* whirling it round the head at tremendous speed before releasing it. These men, for so long the terror of the rebel forces in the north, may from now on play a less formidable part in the war, many of them having been captured at Oviedo. They were at their most dangerous during the siege of the Alcazar at Toledo last year, wielding their one and only weapon with uncanny skill and accuracy. They invariably scorned the use of rifles and revolvers

"If any recent Belgian deserved well of his country, it was Paul van Zeeland, diffident, true to the core, clear-brained, constructive. Cutting through politics, he succeeded in two short years in piloting Belgium almost first through the depression, after finding her in a horrid mess." This is Ferdinand Tuohy's estimate of the Belgian Premier who has just resigned office, largely on account of the accusations levelled at the management of the National Bank. He says it is impossible for him to guide his country with any confidence while such "odious calumnies" are current

LEOPOLD of the TWO BELGIUMS!

The Man Who Has to Hold the Balance Between Flemings and Walloons; A Popular Young Monarch Whom England Welcomes to Her Shores

By FERDINAND TUOHY

CARTOONISTS are lucky. Obviously, when they get an idea, all they have to do is to sit down and slosh it off—a few strokes, like that! Whereas we publicists, to get the same thing over, have to go on thinking and hammering until lunch and perhaps dinner time.

For example, King Leopold is about to visit England officially and I want to give you an impression of the newly-orientated and disunited Belgium the young and very sympathetic Sovereign is ruling over. And the whole story comes out straightaway in a cartoon, in the mind's eye. Behold Leopold III, debout and trying to ride two circus horses abreast, the fractious beasts freely decorated with opposing political and international tags, and responding—when they do respond—to the stable names of "Fleming" and "Walloon." Having knocked that off, your cartoonist would go out and have a drink. I have to go on and on . . .

Basically it can without fear of argument be said that the death of King Albert also marked the end of a Belgian epoch that has endured for 103 years of Coburg royalty, gradually and finally heavily orientated towards France and the French idea and away from the Northlands. This pro-French phase—it was really far more than that—reached its climax during the forty years 1885–1925, when first Leopold II used Paris as his capital *de plaisir* and next Albert I could not escape becoming thoroughly sewn up with France through the war—actually the King's fervent admiration for Foch contributed notably.

Brussels came to be known as "the Little Paris," and Belgium herself seemed to have assumed airs and policies not widely divergent from those of a French province.

The seat of Government in Brussels and provincial administration were permeated by francophilia. French was the only tongue that mattered. The army was thoroughly French in orientation. Nearly all the big posts and plums in the country and out of it fell to the Walloon or French element. In sum, the foreigner was led to envisage Belgium as a sure geographical appendage of the Republic.

Yet even before Leopold III ascended the throne that condition had begun to slip. There was more than murmuring—as when a Pierre Laval signed the Russian pact. That shocked the widespread Catholic (largely Flemish) element in Belgium. To the extent that when a Van Zeeland, taking over the Government in 1935, broke away from gold and tactfully let it be known that the 1920 military alliance with France no longer held, the dual action aroused little internal criticism. The country was ripe—for what?

It was ripe, as it has grown riper since, to link up with the Northlands that have escaped war all these years. Why, asked Belgians, should not we get away with it as the Dutch and the Swiss have done? The Scandinavians may be geographically lucky and away from things, but Dutch and Swiss occupy positions of strategical interest almost equal to ours. They've escaped. Why shouldn't we?

That conception, I think you will find, underlies all that has latterly happened by way of change-over in Belgian foreign policy, following the abiding Ethiopian lesson. It is rubbish to say that Belgium has gone pro-German because she has taken Hitler's proffered hand-clasp. The majority will never forget scraps of paper and the national territory is to be protected in just the same manner as had Hitler never made his gesture. One would go further and cross the "t's" in this manner: if, as is the case, there has been a distinct and permanent shaking free from troublous and troubling France, those most responsible for this, the majority Flemish element, are not on that account pro-German. This element wants its own autonomous State and it knew that so long as French influence swamped Brussels, it could never get it or come near doing so. Hence the steady and relentless Flemish pull, tugging Belgium towards her second culture, the Germanic, which is also, of course, the Flemish.

But in so far as Flemish pro-Germanism is concerned, I imagine the average Fleming to be markedly more inclined towards the English. That is one reason why I believe air warnings will always come quickly to England, if not officially so, though once Belgian air were violated, it should be official. The chief loss to the Western democracies consequent on Hitler's successful approach to Belgium, is that France can no longer expect to be able to come to the rescue of Czechoslovakia, by land. Moving through Belgium, she could have outflanked the German "Maginot" line and have attained the Czech frontier in some 200 miles. I don't know now how she ever hopes to attain it. But this is to digress gravely—

Internationally viewed, then, the new Belgium stands forth pretty clearly and plainly. Until that nebulous yet eventual inevitable tomorrow when "something like" the League can effectively protect its members, Belgium hopes she has so ordered her house (as she will go on ordering it) as to become a second Holland, blissfully neutral and above whatever tumult may befall, even benefiting materially from such. It was a clever and skilful bit of work, presided over by the King in person, and much aided by the genuine regard, even affection, in which Belgium is so widely held, and not least in Britain which had so much to say or not say in the way of acquiescing

But if, as once used to be averred, the defence of Kent extended to Liége, then Kent is covered better now than in the past: we have got that. The new and up-to-the-minute frontier defences are a very different kettle of fish from the outmoded Brialemont works of 1914. Motorisation, demolition, the Albert Canal, air trouncing of immediate nodal points, a gunfire arc reaching almost midway to Cologne—all are linked up, where once only General Léman's batteries barked spasmodically.

It is when we come to domestic Belgium that the story is not at all so straightforward, nor, from the national point of view, so happy and settled. I have called this article Leopold of the Two Belgiums and it is painfully true. There *are* currently two Belgiums, and what paths they will take in the future, jointly or separately, rests at present with the gods: the tangle is in full enactment. Stranger things could happen than that Flanders (and Brabant) might move to co-racial Holland and Wallonia to co-racial France. In fact, the end of Belgium, a nation, and back to pre-1830.

Yet that could only supervene did a fanatical *racisme* run riot.

The chief person capable of stopping this is the young King now to visit London. Of the several points of sympathy between Leopold III and George VI, not the least is the fact of each Sovereign emerging as the symbolic link holding his countrymen together. In our case, the Commonwealth. In Belgium's the Flemings and the Walloons.

That the present split or internecine war of position, for that is what it amounts to (minus all thought of force!) should have come to a head at this particular juncture, marked by Belgian recovery and relative *bien aise* beside so many others, will reinforce the view that democracies don't know when they're on a good thing and are never satisfied unless they're heaving brickbats at their leaders. If any recent Belgian deserved well of his country it was Paul van Zeeland, diffident, true to the core, clear-brained, constructive. Cutting through politics, he succeeded in two short years in piloting Belgium almost first through the depression, after finding her in a horrid mess. Budget surplus, reduced unemployment, increased industrial output, general rise in the standard of living—such was his undeniable offering.

But something irregular had happened years ago in a bank of which he was vice-president, and the Premier has seen no other course but to go. The truth is that they had been out gunning for him for a long while.

Who? And why? Naturally, the Rexists whom Van Zeeland thrashed last spring, and these defeated Belgian Fascists yet have loads of money behind them, provided by big business, and lavishly used in Press and other campaigning; all against Van Zeeland. But the latter had of late built up more powerful enemies in the shape of nationalistic Belgians of the Walloon or French persuasion who held that the Premier's policy was yielding the country over to the Flemings.

Anyone with any insight knows that this was never M. van Zeeland's intention but that he was purely and simply going out to meet trouble half-way, fully cognisant that if Belgium was to remain united, then there would have to be a complete change of attitude towards the virile, culturally superior, majority Flemings, possessing most of the principal cities and also the bulk of agriculture. The way M. van Zeeland chose to initiate this imposed change of attitude took the form of an amnesty act towards 300 wartime officials and professional men who, with Ghent as centre, had done more than submit to German rule: they had systematically furthered this on the promise that Berlin would grant Flemish autonomy after the victory. Barely more than half of the delinquents were Flemings (the others, Walloon).

The point is that the fat was in the fire, chucked there chiefly by the ex-servicemen who paraded and visited the Unknown and protested and threatened and carried patriotism to insulting the King for backing his Premier. I have always held the view that ex-combatants are worse than a nuisance when they quit their get-together, club spirit, sole justification for their existence as an organisation, aside, of course, from the help to less fortunate former comrades that they afford. Why, twenty years after, a collection of survivors should consider they have earned the right to dictate a nation's policy, merely because chance located them (some of them) on battlefields once, as conscripts in most cases, beats at least one person. However—

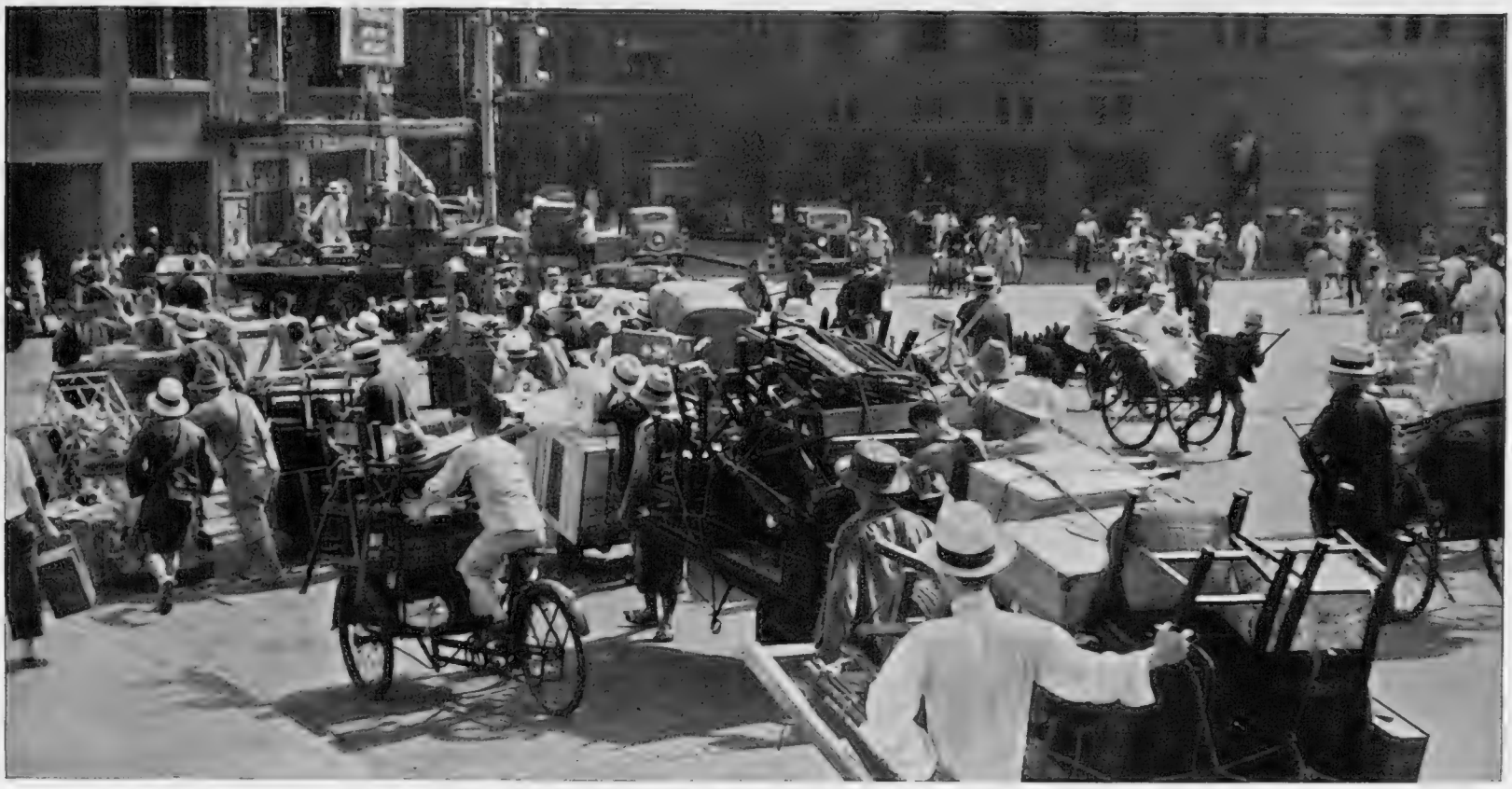
The tale of the Two Belgiums is now entering on a new phase, with the Flemings passing to the offensive, and the minority Walloons increasingly on the defensive.

(Continued on page 248)

DRAMATIC ANNOUNCEMENT: M. Julius Hoste, Education Minister, announcing the resignation of the van Zeeland cabinet to members of the Press

REFUGEES POUR INTO THE INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT

Chinese from Hongkew, Chapei, and Kiangwan Seek Sanctuary after the Japanese Bombardment of Their Homes



ALL THEY COULD SALVAGE: Driven from their homes by the ceaseless bombardment these Chinese, with handcarts and other vehicles laden with the few possessions they were able to snatch in their haste, poured into the International Settlement after crossing the Chapei Bridge. The future for them is black indeed, for those without money have little hope of finding living quarters in the already overcrowded European quarter and their only alternative is to go up-river beyond the war zone. Since this picture was taken it has been found necessary to refuse admittance to the Settlement to any more refugees, British troops firmly turning them away

On right—SWARMING OVER THE SZECHUEN ROAD BRIDGE: Another party of refugees making a get-away from their bombed and shelled homes. The packing cases on the barrow evidently belong to a well-to-do member of the dispersing Chinese community

On left—BITTER CONTRAST: The Frisco Café, once a gay night haunt with its bar and its cabaret, is now closed for the duration of the war and before it sits a throng of refugees, mostly youngsters, bewildered at the turn of events, and hardly realising the tragic import of it all

On right—DISTRESS: What their trouble is, what the exact cause of their tears, there is no telling. But they are learning, like thousands of their fellows, the reality and the horror of the warfare of to-day

THE JAPANESE APPROACH TO SHANGHAI: Graphic Pictures from the War-torn Area

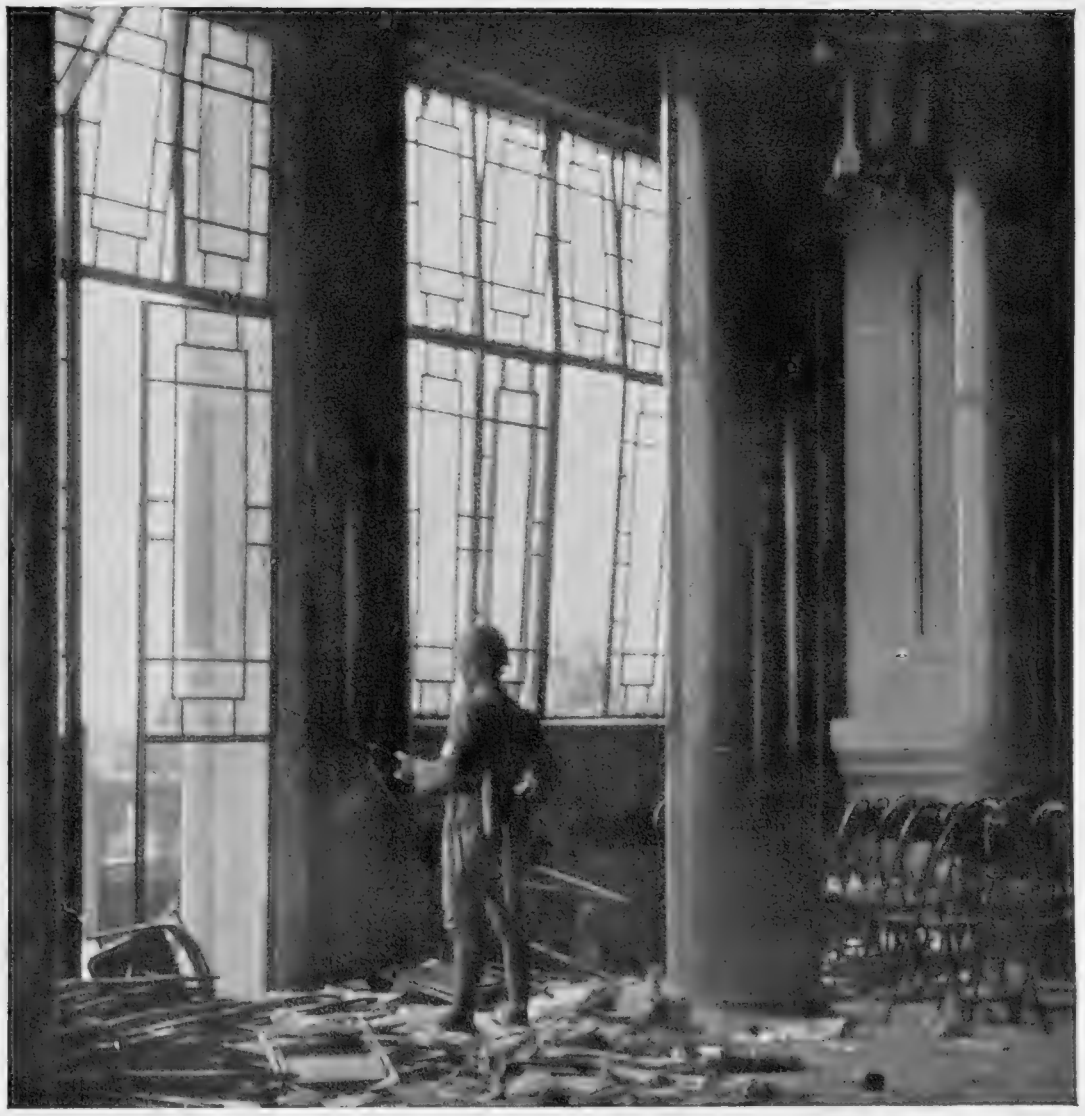
JAPANESE SHELLS DID THIS: All that remained of the new museum forming part of the civic centre of the Chinese Municipal Government in Shanghai after a heavy bombardment. The damage to property in the city is rapidly running into astronomical figures

A DEVASTATED AREA IN OUTER SHANGHAI: Smoke rising from a great block of buildings struck by a rain of incendiary bombs and as a consequence completely destroyed by fire. It was in this district round Chapei that the fighting raged so furiously last week, the Japanese troops at last breaking through the Chinese line and occupying the quarter they had attacked with such intensity from the skies. Five hundred Chinese refused to obey the order to retreat

REDUCED TO A SHAMBLES: A scene of intensive havoc in the western suburbs where the conflict had raged for two months almost without respite and only bare stark walls and twisted iron-work remained to remind a beholder that this was once a busy

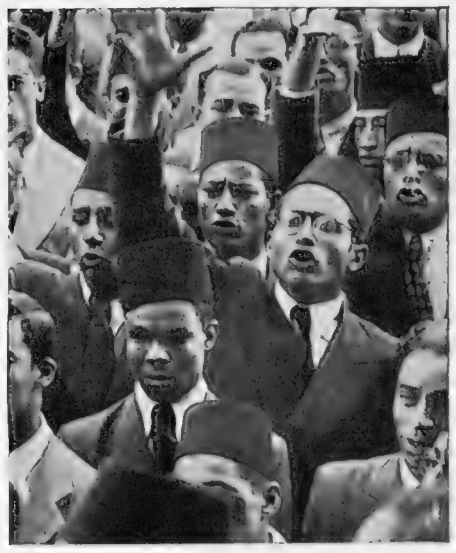
FOLLOWING UP: A party of Japanese infantrymen about to enter the Chinese administrative building of Kiangwan, a township on the outskirts of Shanghai, after their artillery had pounded the place for hours on end and caused the bulk of the defenders to evacuate it. The men could not be certain that the building was empty, however, for in such circumstances a few snipers usually remain behind and make their get-away as best they can. Kiangwan has for weeks been a focal point of conflict, and it was the civic centre that fell into the invader's hands first, the old town, a mile or so away, holding out until the big drive on October 26 and 27

and prosperous trading quarter. Japanese soldiers are seen in the foreground as they carried up sandbags to strengthen their defences, and floating in the background can be discerned the Rising Sun flag, evidently denoting a military headquarters



CHAOS WITHIN: A steel-helmeted Japanese infantryman on duty in the administrative building at Kiangwan, the exterior of which is depicted at the top of this page. The place has had a severe buffeting from light artillery but the structure would appear to be substantially intact. The Chinese troops retreated from this area last week and took up positions even nearer Shanghai. As they were worn out after their stubborn but unsuccessful resistance they were replaced by fresh divisions

A SOUTH INDIAN TOWN GOES DRY: The Hon. C. Rajagopalchariar, Premier of Madras, being served with a cup of tea outside one of the old "toddy" shops now converted into a tea place. A picture taken on his visit to Salem to inaugurate the new era of prohibition there. Standing beside him is Mr. Robertson, the recently appointed local prohibition officer



EGYPT'S POLITICALLY MINDED YOUTH: Typical members of the student fraternity photographed during a demonstration which took place last week when undergraduates attacked two Blueshirt camps, and destroyed tents, stores, and clothing

RUMANIA CONCLUDES HER AUTUMN MANŒUVRES: Artillery engaged in parading past during the review held by King Carol at Sibiu on the last day of the military exercises which were on a rather more than usually elaborate scale this year. His Majesty, it has recently been announced, will be coming to London in the spring of next year and will stay at Buckingham Palace as the guest of King George and Queen Elizabeth

TO THEIR SOLDIER KING: Work is now well advanced on the vast memorial to the late King Albert of the Belgians being erected at Nieuport by Belgian ex-servicemen. Earth from all the battlefields of the country has been taken to the spot, giving the memorial a very special significance

MORE SABOTAGE IN THE HOLY LAND: A glimpse of the wreckage at Lydda, one of the newest and largest aerodromes in the Middle East, after it had been destroyed by a fire started by a terrorist gang. The place has for some time past been used by the Royal Dutch Air liners on their service to and from Holland and the East Indies and has been regarded as an aerial junction of considerable potential importance

The "Rah Rah" Boys of Egypt

University Students Whose Periodic Demonstrations Undoubtedly Have an Influence on the Trend of Political Events

A LITTLE over eighteen months ago it was a risky business for a European, recognisable as such, to walk unguarded through the unsavoury streets of Old Cairo. Students and schoolboys, electrified by hot Nationalist speeches and mottos, were in the habit of coming up, spitting into his face, waving sticks under his nose, and shouting in undignified Arabic very un-Egyptian epithets. Their dark faces gleamed.

The thing that seemed to gripe most was a certain speech delivered by one Sir Samuel Hoare. "Down with Hoare!" and "Long live the Revolution!" were most commonly heard, but no one, not even the cheer leaders themselves, could tell you precisely what they meant by revolution for often in the same breath they would shout, "Long Live King Fuad!" And his Majesty happened to have been a good friend of the British, the latter having vouchsafed for him his friendship.

Classrooms were deserted in the name of liberty, desks were smashed, or burned when they weren't smashable, lamp posts were hacked with sledge hammers which had been imported from England, escaping gas was ignited, iron stanchions were uprooted to be used as weapons—all of this was for the Fatherland. Girls, screaming and reviling the authorities, strapped themselves to railings and wouldn't go home until the frantic police were obliged to turn the water hose on them; bands of young men, armed with buckshot, fired from behind barricades at no one in particular and at supposed Britons in general; a wounded student was invested with immortality. . Of all of this Great Britain was the target but Egypt the real sufferer.

Thus the winter passed. Egypt was in the news. The disorders were duly noted in the Foreign Office in London; cool, benighted Englishmen, fearful for the Empire's prestige, viewed with favour the extension of "independence"; all went merry as a wedding bell.

Whitehall decided it would act and act quickly. Cairo was counselled that after fifty years of subjection, Egypt was to be free. The schoolboys promptly threw away their sticks, the schoolgirls returned to their books, the Wafd split in two, one half shouting that it was not going to let Albion betray Egypt once more and that it demanded outright independence, and the other that it was going to join hands with Great Britain.

Unluckily for Egypt, this was just about the time Mussolini cast envious eyes in the direction of Egypt and the Sudan. Italy's apparent victory in Ethiopia brought the Italians perilously close to the Nile and a shiver went through Egypt. A most delicate situation developed; Egypt, for half a century the bad little boy of the British Empire, the nightmare of Gladstone and Salisbury, the tripping block to Lloyd George amid his triumphs of Versailles, almost the cause of war between Britain and France over Fashoda, Egypt had worked itself into a position where she could shake off her shackles at long last. But *did* Egypt want to shake them off?

Shades of Saad Zaglul! What was to be done? The Wafd was perplexed.

His Majesty's Government got together with themselves; the Wafd regained its composure. There were conferences and a furious exchange of diplomatic notes. The British Fleet anchored off Alexandria. British troops on the Suez were ordered to stand by. Egypt was in a dilemma.

The recent history of Egypt is a series of complications couched in political struggles aiming at the shaking off of British rule. King Fuad, who defied his Parliament and scrapped the Constitution; Nessim Pasha, a heavy-set man with an uncanny ability to get the better of his enemies but with good will and silk-gloved diplomacy; Nahas Pasha, the present Prime Minister, a skilled negotiator; Sir Miles Lampson, veteran statesman, at present His Britannic Majesty's Ambassador in Cairo; and King Farouk, Fuad's son and successor—these were the men who played the leading roles in Egypt's dramatic and heroic struggle for liberty.

The climax to this struggle came in the wake of the Italian invasion of Ethiopia. The world had its eyes on the Valley of the Nile. London's politicians expressed willingness to sign a new treaty granting full independence.

August 26, 1936. The Egyptian delegation arrived at Victoria Station and found a handsome red carpet laid out to the taxicabs waiting for them. The Egyptian Colony in London, bedecked in fezes and carrying banners, green rosettes and Union Jacks, was waiting. But outside Victoria Station the City was dead. The season was at low ebb but Foreign Office potentates postponed their holidays to look after the guests from Cairo. High society got busy. Parties were thrown, race courses visited, factories and plants toured.

One day the Locarno Room of the Foreign Office was crowded with expectant photographers and newsmen. A long, highly polished table provided with spotless blotters and bright new ink bottles, microphones and red brocaded chairs, stood in the centre of the room. The British Ministers entered, Mr. Anthony Eden towering above his colleagues, smiling Sir John Simon, the elder Mr. MacDonald, and secretaries.

Mr. Eden made a speech praising the delegates. Nahas Pasha, in fluent French, lauded the Ministers. He and Mr. Eden shook hands. A flutter of approval. Then, with dignity, two copies of the Treaty, bound in cream parchment and tied with blue ribbons, were brought in on a silver platter. Nahas Pasha, with a pen of gold, wrote: "Pen of the Treaty of 1936". Handshakes all round. The photographers swung into action. More speeches. Then the Egyptians were hustled off for more sightseeing.

What is the Treaty of Independence which was signed on the historic August 26, 1936?

(1) "The military occupation of Egypt by the forces of His Majesty the King and Emperor is at an end. Great Britain agrees to support Egypt's application for membership to the League."

But British forces will be moved a few kilometres outside of Cairo, and "stay by" the Suez Canal. In twenty years, provided the Egyptian Army is strong enough, (to-day

(*Continued on page* 256)

EXCAVATING the RUINS of REI

Bringing to Light the Wonders of Iran's Old Capital

"HOW DOTH THE CITY SIT SOLITARY THAT WAS FULL OF PEOPLE": Persian workmen engaged in excavating at Rei, that vast concentration of ruins six miles south-east of Teheran, which once formed the metropolis of Ragha or Rages, the chief centre of population in ancient Media and one of the oldest centres of civilisation in Iran. Sanctified as the cradle of Zoroastrianism, hallowed for a day by the presence of the angel Raphael, exalted by princes, and cast down by conquerors, this place that was great among the nations is now but a mass of crumbling walls. The task of unearthing its treasures proceeds apace, however, and Professor Niedzwiecki, the Polish archæologist in charge of the work, has already made many discoveries. *Above*—This bas relief on the north wall of the city, showing the Persian ruler, Fath Ali Shah, spearing a lion, is of comparatively modern origin but covers a much older sculpture

RELIC OF THE MONGOLIAN ERA: This ruined mosque dates from the thirteenth century, just before the savage hordes poured from the desolate Asian steppe into the fertile land of Iran, destroying and pillaging wherever they went

MODERNITY IN THE CRADLE OF AN ANCIENT CIVILISATION: This cement factory has been built in the very heart of Rei in order to supply neighbouring Teheran, and for use in constructing a section of the Trans-Iranian railway. The old city, which was the birthplace of Caliph Harun-al-Raschid and is said to have been founded in the fourth millennium before Christ, was an important contemporary of Nineveh and Ecbatana, as witness the reference in the book of Tobit

SCENE OF THE NEW EXCAVATIONS: Archæologists have been busily at work here during the past season, and have revealed the outlines of a great mausoleum which, when further examined, may yield up many treasures of a long-dead dynasty

THE MAUSOLEUM OF BIBI-SHEHR-BANU, the patron saint of mothers, standing in a wonderful position of dominance above the ruins of Rei. Even to-day many women desiring children go to this place in order to offer up prayers for fertility. Few of them, unless possessed by the strong urge of maternal feeling, would otherwise probably care to make the stiff climb up the narrow track

On left—THE KOUHE-NAGHAR-KHANEH: The ruins of a monument of the Seljuk period standing on the lower slopes of a hill above Rei. Some years ago a band of unauthorised native "explorers" made extensive excavations within and around this tower, bringing to light a quantity of valuable jewels which, quite unknown to the Government, they sold abroad

HAPPY LANDINGS: The new tricycle undercarriage being tried out by General Aircraft Limited at the London Air Park, Feltham, Middlesex, where it has shown immense possibilities. With the conventional chassis the main wheels are placed forward of the centre of gravity, but in this arrangement there is a single wheel at the nose of the plane and two others slightly aft of the centre of gravity. The effect of this, as the plane touches the ground, is to destroy the lift and to transfer the load immediately and positively to the landing wheels. Bouncing is eliminated and landing made easy

SIMPLIFYING FLYING TECHNIQUE: Another view of the experimental plane employed to try out the tricycle. It has been found that this type of low wing machine does not really lend itself for use with the new landing gear, but General Aircraft Limited are of the opinion that as the tricycle grows in popularity so there will be a reversion to high wing planes

THE TRICYCLE UNDERCARRIAGE ADAPTED FOR USE ON A LARGE AIR LINER: In this model it will be seen that all three wheels are retractable and that the two aft of the centre of gravity are incorporated in the structure of the inner engine nacelles. How long it will be before the tricycle is in general use is a matter for conjecture, but American manufacturers are clearly alive to its potentialities and it is reported that the Douglas Company are including this feature in their latest D.C.4. four-engined forty-passenger machine. General Aircraft Limited are doing the pioneering work over here

AIR NEWS

ADVENT of the TRICYCLE UNDERCARRIAGE

A Revolutionary Alteration in Aircraft Design That May Before Long Be Widely Adopted: Landing Made Easy for the Inexperienced Pilot

SOMETHING of a revolution in flying, or rather landing, technique will result if, as seems likely, a new form of landing gear with three wheels recently fully tested at Hanworth Aerodrome is generally adopted for commercial aircraft. The tests made here with a small Monospar machine supplement those made in the United States where the tricycle undercarriage idea has now definitely caught on. It was first tried there in sundry small machines which were more or less successful in the "foolproof" or "safety" category but has now been incorporated in larger machines.

For example the Waco Aircraft Company are fitting a three-wheeled undercarriage to their standard Model N 4–5 passenger biplane and the Douglas Company are incorporating this feature in their new D.C. 4 four-engined forty-passenger air liner which is in an advanced stage of construction. Here in England the tests of the Monospar have been so successful that its makers have prepared a design for a four-engined air liner in which the three wheels fully retract into the engine housings and fuselage.

The principle of the tricycle undercarriage is by no means a new one and was understood by a number of the pioneers. In fact a British machine with a landing gear which operated on the same principle, though in fact it had two small wheels instead of the third wheel, was flying in 1912 and at different times there have been other machines here and abroad which used the idea.

In the 1912 machine the main wheels were placed slightly behind the centre of gravity and the two small wheels were carried further in front so that when the machine was on the ground it stood on all four wheels in approximately level flying position with the tail off the ground.

The same arrangement is used in the Monospar and the main wheels are so far behind the centre of gravity that it requires a man's weight on the tail to rock the single front wheel off the ground.

The real importance of the tricycle undercarriage is that the machine in its normal attitude on the ground is practically in flying position and not, as with the conventional undercarriage, with its wings at a pronounced angle to the line of flight and its tail on the ground. Hence there is none of the business of lifting the tail after the machine has got on the move for the take-off, nor, and this is more important, of getting the tail down for landing.

When the machine is landing its weight is gradually transferred from the wings to the wheels as it ceases to be airborne. There is, therefore, none of the gradual process of bringing the machine's nose more and more up in order to bring the tail down, which at the same time sets the wings at a coarser angle and which may, if the pilot's judgment of speed has been faulty, cause the machine to become airborne again and bounce.

With the three-wheeled undercarriage the aeroplane is allowed to sink at a fairly low forward speed until it touches ground in almost normal flying position. Instead of tilting backwards and so possibly increasing the lift if the speed is too high it tends to tilt forward on to the third wheel so that the angle of the wing is decreased, lift is destroyed, and so there is no tendency to bounce.

Among the advantages claimed for the tricycle landing gear in addition to greater ease of landing and elimination of bouncing are passenger comfort, for passengers are not tilted back in their chairs during the landing process; ease of handling in high winds; and, most important of all, greater safety when landing in fog. Another important point is that brakes can be applied hard with no possibility of nosing over so that the run on the ground is very much reduced.

During the tests the Monospar has been allowed to land itself, and it was landed safely without any bounce by a man who has never before landed an aeroplane of any kind. In view of the success of the tests here and in America we may expect before very long to find tricycle undercarriages in quite common use.

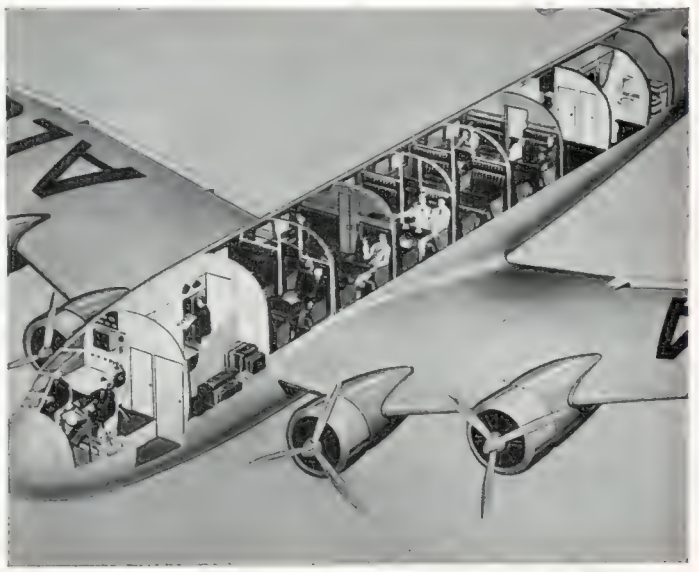
Another new development, so far confined to only one big machine and that an American Army Air Corps fighter, is the use of pusher airscrews. Many of the early aircraft of the pioneering days, for example, those of Henry and Maurice Farman, were of the pusher type, which survived until half way through the war. But since then until very recently the claims of the pusher have been ignored.

(Continued on page 256)

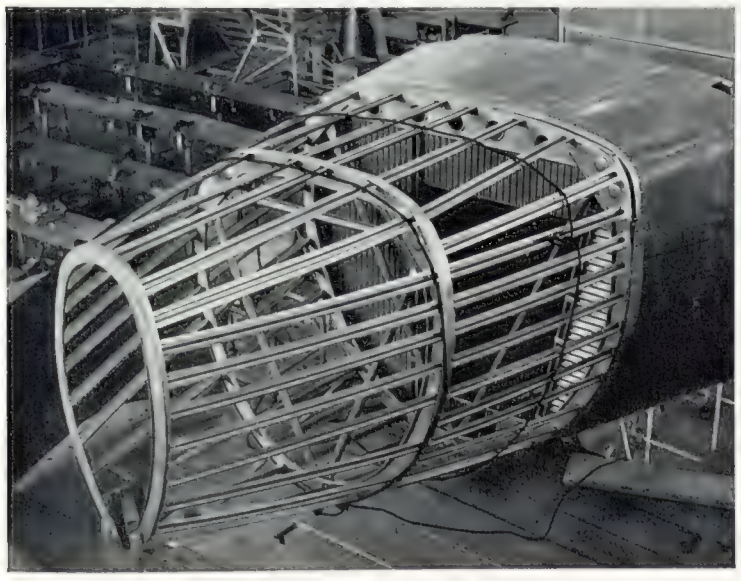
A PLANE WITHOUT A FUSELAGE: This giant Burnelli machine, which was to have been entered in the banned Atlantic air race, was the object of considerable interest when it arrived at Croydon the other day for delivery to its owner. *On the left* is a front view also showing its curious construction and the way in which the wings merge with the body of the plane

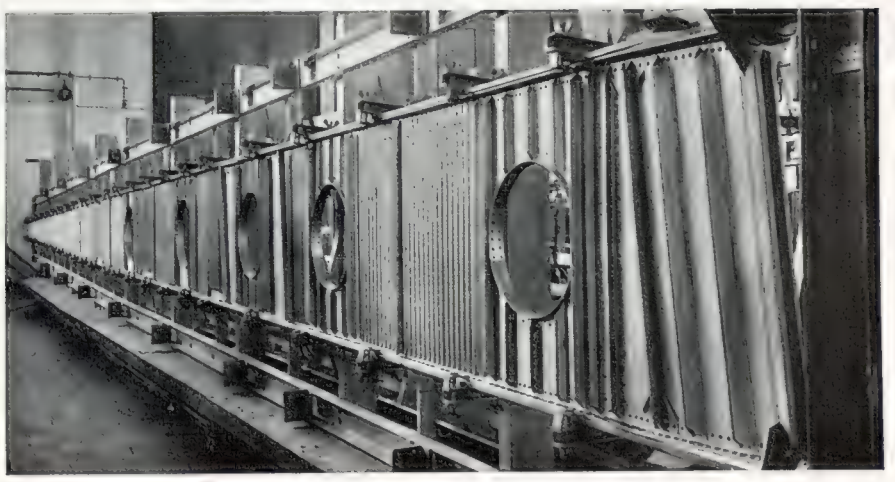
GERMANY'S LARGEST AIR LINER: *First Views of the Monster Passenger Plane Built at Dessau: Accommodation for Forty*

LARGER THAN A MODERN PULLMAN COACH: The as yet unfitted interior of *Der Grosse Dessauer*, Germany's giant air liner which will carry forty passengers at a top speed of approximately 245 m.p.h. When the furnishing is complete it will be divided off into compartments, but this picture gives an excellent impression of the great length, width, and height of the fuselage. It is by far the largest heavier than air machine ever built in the Reich and incorporates many notable improvements, such as the exclusion of excessive engine sound so that travellers may carry on conversations without raising their voices



"DER GROSSE DESSAUER" IN FLIGHT: The giant machine, with its shark-like nose and streamlined fuselage, running its trials after taking off from the aerodrome at Dessau. The interior is still uncompleted but the diagrammatic view on the right shows how it will be divided into compartments with seating accommodation much after the manner of a train





ON THE STOCKS: One side of the fuselage under construction in the Junkers works at Dessau. *On left*—The framework of the nose showing the manner in which it is built up section by section. The wing spread of the giant plane is approximately 120 ft., the length of the fuselage is 87 ft., and the plane is driven by four 880 h.p. Daimler-Benz engines. Increased safety is obtained by an unusually low landing speed of 60 m.p.h.

ENCHANTMENT *in the* FAMED VALE *of* KASHMIR

THE LIDO OF NAGIM BAGH: This beautiful expanse of water, surrounded by tall poplars and shady willows, is one of the most delightful spots in Kashmir. Bathing from houseboats and surf riding with the aid of motor craft are the chief pastimes of its visitors. Around the banks are masses of lovely pink lotus flowers and other water lilies of smaller variety, whilst at one end are the floating gardens that are such a unique feature of this happy valley

Special SPHERE *Pictures*

GRACEFUL TREES AND BLUE HILLS form an enchanting background to the famous Shalimar Garden of Kashmir. Once the pleasance of one of the Mogul Emperors, to-day its beauty still draws countless visitors who can recapture some of its ancient grandeur as they walk through lovely avenues of old chenan and walnut. In the middle of the garden, but hidden away from view by the trees on the left, stands a fine black marble pavilion surrounded by sparkling fountains and waterways which help to irrigate emerald green lawns and gaily decked flower beds.

BRANDMARKS *of the* MADHVAS:

A Little-Known Hindu Cult and its Interesting Purification Rites

SUPREME MOMENT: The Guru, spiritual head of the Madhvas, an important but little-known community among Brahmins, imprinting the mystic brand of purification on the six-year-old daughter of a Bombay disciple, her parents meanwhile holding on to her to give her courage as the heated seal touches the flesh. The Guru alone is held to possess the power of cleansing sin and his visit to a house is an occasion for great rejoicing

THE Madhvas, an important community among Brahmins, the highest class of Aryan Hindus in India, are followers of Madhva, a philosophic thinker and founder of a sect in the Kanarese country in Western India in the thirteenth century. A considerable number of cultured and well-to-do men are Madhvas and it is partly for this reason that their rites have such special interest.

The spiritual head of the community is known as its Guru, and one selected for the post undergoes a severe training.

The rare occasion of his presence in Bombay is a happy opportunity, for then his devotees get themselves purged of their sins at the hands of the Guru himself who by his exalted position alone holds this power to purify his followers. It was on one of these occasions in Bombay that these pictures were taken.

The purification generally takes place at the residence of the Guru, wherever it be, but very often he is asked to go to the dwelling of the devotee and thus make it, and all the members of his family, holy by his august presence. The invitation being accepted, the Guru is brought to the house in a big procession.

On arrival the Guru holds court, and the householders reverentially wash his feet in hot water. The water, thus used, is considered holy and is sprinkled as a purifier over the bodies of all present.

The privilege of washing the feet of the Guru is paid for by the devotee with the gift of one month's income towards the funds of the Mutt—headquarters of the Guru.

The mystic spiritualism of the Madhvas is symbolised on what are known as *mudras* or stamps, on which are carved signs in a very artistic manner. There are five *mudras* in all and chief among them represents eternal service. Every Madhva possesses a set of these and daily puts impressions of these dipped in perfume on his body.

But the real purification is to have these impressions placed permanently on the body by the Guru himself. He has a set of silver *mudras* mounted on long arms. He heats them up and imprints permanent marks.

WHEN THE GURU ENTERS A HOUSE to conduct a purification ceremony the inmates reverently wash his feet. The water thus used is considered holy and is sprinkled on all present

IN RECOGNITION OF HIS SERVICE TO THE MADHVA FAITH the Guru places five brand-marks of purification on the body of a disciple

IMPRINTING THE MYSTIC SEAL ON A SIX-MONTHS-OLD BABY.: The Guru slowly brings down the *mudra*. *On right*—The Guru offers a coco-nut that he has blessed to the householder and his wife at the conclusion of the purification rites

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An Air Raid on

AFTERMATH OF A MASS ATTACK: An electrical indicator board smashed by a Japanese bomb which hit the centre of the power plant on the outskirts of the city. Since the war started Nanking has been raided frequently, forty or fifty planes, escorted by fighters, descending upon the city all at once and unloading tons of bombs representing a destructive power many times larger than that of the biggest raid in the great war

FATE OF A JAPANESE BOMBER: A crowd of Nanking citizen lakeside to watch the salvaging of an enemy plane brought by Chinese anti-aircraft guns during a mass attack on the

PREPARED FOR A WETTING: This Chinese soldier was a strange sight, having discarded his uniform for gym. attire, but retaining his steel helmet. Thus dressed he waded into the lake to help examine the wreckage of the big bomber which was brought down when attempting to demolish the power-plant. The destruction of the machine caused great jubilation

EXAMINING THE WRECKAGE: Chinese soldier fixed, standing on the twisted framework o the lake. Up to the time of writing N southern city has been subjected to only covers a much wider area, many of its mo

N NANKING: Special "Sphere" Pictures Taken During and After One of the Japanese Attacks

ns gathered by the down in the water e capital. *Below*—

Chinese soldiers standing on the tangled steelwork of the machine as it jutted above the water. In the background is the power-plant with windows smashed by the concussion resulting from a direct hit registered on the other side of the building

A NEAR THING: A great cloud of smoke and spray rising from a bomb that fell harmlessly in the water. *On left*—The flat roof of the city's hospital bearing a clear indication of the nature of the place

ers, two of whom for some reason carry their bayonets of the ill fated Japanese bomber which came to grief in Nanking has suffered less than Canton, although the y one big attack. This is perhaps because the capital nore important buildings standing in their own grounds

A WIDE-MOUTHED CRATER made by one of the three bombs which fell in the grounds of the hospital during the largest of the series of air raids on Nanking. Whether or no the hospital was an objective of the attackers is, of course, not known, but it is charitable to assume that the missiles fell there by mere chance. Red Cross cars can be seen grouped under the trees in the background ready to rush to the scene of any disaster

RARE MEZZOTINTS AT CHRISTIE'S: "Prince Rupert" (*left*), after Rembrandt, and "Mrs. Davenport" (*right*), after Romney. Two engravings from the collection of the late Martin Erdmann, of New York, which is to be put up for auction on November 15 and 16. Erdmann had a genius for collecting and thus it was that he got together in thirty years a gallery of wonderful examples of the work of the 18th-century mezzo-tinters

"THE LADIES WALDEGRAVE," AFTER SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS: This is quite one of the most charming plates in the Erdmann mezzotint collection to be sold at Christie's and was engraved by Valentine Green, A.R.A. The three girls were the daughters of James, 2nd Earl Waldegrave, and of Countess Waldegrave, beloved niece of the great Horace Walpole. One of these Waldegrave prints realised £3,045 in 1923

HISTORIC RINGS: Five items in the rare collection made by the late M. Guilhon, of Paris, which will be sold at Sotheby's on November 9 and succeeding days. The ring (bottom centre) was found in the tomb of Jean Sans Peur, Duke of Burgundy, and bears a portrait of him finely carved in white stone. He wore it on the day of his assassination on the bridge of Montereau

On right—HERO OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE: This engraving of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Banastre Tarleton (1754—1833) which is also in the Erdmann sale of mezzotints, is after Sir Joshua Reynolds and is the work of J. R. Smith

RINGS *of* RENOWN

and Other Important Offerings in the Salerooms — the Erdmann Mezzotints

THAT rings have a long history is evidenced by the superb collection with which Messrs. Sotheby are opening their salerooms for the autumn season. We shall then be able to see rings used in the days of the Pharaohs, and right down the ages to Napoleonic France. At all times man has made rings which, being mainly of imperishable gold, have remained till to-day for our interest and delight.

The late M. E. Guilhon of Paris had the proud distinction of owning the largest and most comprehensive collection of rings ever assembled by one man, so that the dispersal of his collection on November 9 and the three succeeding days is an event of importance. The Egyptian rings are of faience, glass, jasper, ivory, and gold; the Mycenean of bronze, iron, silver, and gold; but with the Etruscan period comes the almost exclusive use of gold for the main structure of the ring.

The ring of the greatest historic interest, and said to be the most famous ring known to collectors, is that which was found in the tomb of Jean Sans Peur, Duke of Burgundy, in 1792. Its raised bezel is set with a portrait bust of the Duke, finely carved on a white stone. The loose cap on his head is cut in jet, whilst his green coat consists of an emerald. This ring was on the finger of the Duke when he was slain on the bridge of Montereau at the junction of the Seine with the Yonne, where he had gone for a supposedly friendly meeting with the Dauphin in 1419.

Jean Sans Peur was the brother of Charles VI of France, the poor mad king, who was reigning when Henry V was the victor of Agincourt. A deadly feud existed between the rival families of the Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Burgundy. Both were guilty of murder and assassination, but the crime committed on the bridge at Montereau was of historic importance, insomuch as it threw the son of Jean Sans Peur into the English camp, fighting against his own countrymen. Philip le Bon, the son, is the Duke of Burgundy who figures as one of the enemies of France in the story of Joan of Arc.

The most important sale of mezzotints for several years is to take place at Messrs. Christie's on November 15 and 16. It is said that this collection of the late Mr. Martin Erdmann, of New York, represents the complete practice of mezzotint art in the eighteenth century when the mezzotinters had the splendid series of portraits by the master portrait painters of the age as their models.

The art of mezzotint engraving was introduced to England by the dashing cavalry leader, Prince Rupert, who was no mean artist himself, and the English engravers maintained a high reputation throughout the Georgian period. Their special style was known abroad as *la manière anglaise*. At the beginning of this century prices for these engravings began to rise and several fortunate people found that their collections had increased vastly in value.

The late Mr. Erdmann, being possessed both of money and taste, was able to indulge his desire for the most perfect print, discarding anything which was not of the finest quality. No sale of mezzotints escaped his keen inspection with the result that he finally became the owner of a remarkable collection nearly all the examples being in the condition, or as close to it as possible, in which they were published.

The great engravers, John Raphael Smith, Valentine Green, William Dickinson, John Jones, and Henry Hudson are well represented, in company with many others.

One of the most charming plates in the catalogue is that of the "Ladies Waldegrave" by Valentine Green, after Sir Joshua Reynolds. Their mother was a much-beloved niece of Horace Walpole who was extremely kind to her when she was a young widow with three little girls who grew up to be the fascinating young maidens who are, for us, for ever sitting at their serving table. It is melancholy to think that a link with them has vanished in the recent destruction of their great-uncle's house in Berkeley Square, which they must have often visited. A copy of this print realised the largest sum ever given for a mezzotint engraving, when it was sold for £3,045 in 1923.

"Young Mrs. Davenport" by John Jones, after George Romney, is another of the attractive women whose portraits fetch high prices—the original picture realised in 1926 at Christie's, the record sum of 58,000 guineas. "The Frankland Sisters," engraved by William Ward, after John Hoppner, has an appealing charm, as they sit with their dog and the large sketch book with a background of Yorkshire landscape. Neither of the pretty girls married, both dying young of consumption. An impression of this engraving fetched £2,467 in 1924.

The fine portrait of Lieut.-Colonel Tarleton by Sir Joshua Reynolds was engraved by John Raphael Smith, one of the masters of the mezzotint. Tarleton fought in the American War of Independence under Cornwallis and was a dashing officer of the Rupert type, often successful by his sheer impetuosity but also losing battles by the same characteristic. He nearly lost his life in one close engagement but by his personal courage he fought his way through and escaped by hard riding.

B. H.

VANISHING LONDON RECORDED

A Water-Colourist's Impressions on Permanent View at Guildhall

FETTER LANE IN 1907: One of the water-colours by W. Alastair Macdonald which he has presented to Guildhall Art Gallery, where they are now on permanent exhibition in a room of their own and give a wonderful glimpse of some parts of old London that have suffered drastic changes of recent years

SMITHFIELD IN 1910: Another water-colour by Alastair Macdonald showing the entrance to the church of St. Bartholomew as it appeared twenty-seven years ago. The buildings beyond it on the left have now been removed to reveal the graveyard and the whole aspect of this picturesque lane has in consequence changed

IN *The Sphere* of October 23 there appeared two pages of illustrations relating to the remarkable exhibition of old London prints collected by Lord Wakefield and presented to Guildhall Art Gallery, and now we follow this up with further impressions of London. These are the work of that competent water-colourist, W. Alastair Macdonald, and have been made by him during the present century, those depicted here dating from before the war, and showing many scenes that, owing to re-building, are now astonishingly different

On right—OLD WORLD CLIFFORD'S INN, with its cobbled pavements and quaint corners, now gives but a mere hint of its appearance in 1910 when the artist painted this scene. Dominating the background is the tower of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street's shrine. *Below*—These houses in Millbank have long since been cleared away to make room for the great Thames House scheme

COURTYARD OF THE SARACEN'S HEAD, BISHOPSGATE: The atmosphere is typically Dickensian and in the irregularity of the buildings there is rare charm

FAMOUS FORTS

WARWICK CASTLE
was first built in the early days of the Norman Conquest, but is mainly of 14th & 15th Century origin. The first owner Henry De New Burgh was made First Earl of Warwick by William Rufus.

Like those strongholds which grew up all over these islands after the coming of William the Conqueror, Dunlop Fort Tyres are built today for sure defence. They safeguard the motorist and ensure his comfort. They are built for time-defying service and all-round performance.

DUNLOP Fort TYRES

C.F.H.

HARVEST TIME IN CUBA: A worker on one of the tobacco plantations with a fine specimen of cigar leaf. Like wine tobacco has its "vintage" years varying much in quality

DON'T LISTEN TO A CORONA!

Just One of the Fatuities of Cigar Smokers Revealed

By CHARLES GRAVES

ALTHOUGH the great war turned many cigar smokers into cigarette smokers, and the *ad valorem* duty increased the difficulties of the situation, more 2s. 6d., 3s., and 3s. 6d. cigars are being sold than ever before. True, the 6d., 9d., and 1s. cigars show a huge decline. I am not here, however, as a champion of the cigar trade. Merely, I have always wanted to know about cigars, particularly the best cigars, and now I have learnt it.

The best, of course, come from Cuba and, like champagnes, burgundies, clarets, and Rhine wines, there are vintages in tobacco. There is this notable difference, however. A vintage year of wines may produce a relatively small yield. In tobacco, usually, the bigger the crop the better the leaf, and vice versa. Unlike the vines which are taken from cuttings, tobacco plants are grown from seedlings. These seedlings are planted some time in the autumn. After forty-five days (providing they have not been washed out by seasonal cyclones) they are transplanted into the main beds. Here they grow for sixty days, and in February, when they are 3 ft. or 4 ft. tall, their leaves are stripped. These leaves may be anything from 6 ins. to 2 ft. long. The bottom leaves known as "foot" leaves are the smallest and have the best taste. The trouble is that, being so close to the ground, they may be damaged.

For the last twenty years, incidentally, most of the tobacco crop in Cuba is grown under cheese cloths, which makes them smoother.

When the plants are mature, the natives strip them by hand, put them in baskets, and transfer them to barns. These are wooden curing shacks where the leaves are placed across long bamboo poles to ferment. After two or three months, when they have browned, they are taken out and sorted according to their size and appearance, the best being glossy, smooth, and unspotted. This grading process determines whether the leaf is to be used for "filler" or "wrapper"—two words which explain themselves immediately. They are then tied up into bunches of leaves with a vegetable string. These bunches are known as mazos, and are put into bales covered with yagua (the bark of a palm) weighing anything from 80 lb. to 120 lb. These are known as tercios.

They then go to the manufacturer or merchant and are kept, according to their quality, for anything from one to ten years. Wrappers—in other words, the finest leaves which form the outside of a cigar—may be used within eight months. The fillers, which form the inside of the cigar, are put into barrels known as barbacoas and go through a further process of fermentation. This is acute enough to make the barrels quite hot. These barrels are turned over and moved around much like bottles of champagne in the cellars of Rheims, for as much, maybe, as four or five years.

Meantime the blenders are at work. The blender may be a partner in a Cuban firm or a highly skilled, highly paid employee. The blenders make up numbers of experimental cigars from different leaf from different vegas (tobacco vineyards) and then smoke them, still experimentally. When after a number of attempts they have discovered a certain blend which satisfies their palate, they proceed to standardise it.

Let us take a typical first-class firm of cigar manufacturers. They produce every year several hundred varieties of cigars. And it may interest you to know that any Havana cigar will contain leaf which is anything from one to seven years old, and which may have come from one to ten different vegas. The reason why certain firms are better than others is because they either own, or have a long-standing contract with the owners of some particularly high-class vega in Vuelta Abajo to form the basis of their products.

The blends having been decided upon—and each year the ingredients must vary according to the quality and flavour of individual vegas—the leaf is now made into cigars. The process is entirely by hand. For the cigar industry is one of the very few surviving businesses which justify the literal meaning of manufacture. A good cigar maker, as he is called, will roll perhaps fifty fine cigars in one day, or 150 of coarser quality. They are experts whose experience is handed down from father to son, and it is safe to estimate that the payment they receive adds 6 dollars or 7 dollars a 100 to the cost of the largest and finest cigars. It is good to know that they are scrupulously clean, like the surroundings in which they work.

The cigars, having been rolled, are then examined and tied into bundles irrespective of their colour. The next process takes place in the escojida. This is the grading and packing room where the cigars are put into cedar chests for a day or two and then displayed on tables under a good north light. Skilled Cubans then grade them according to their colour, of which there are perhaps a dozen ranging between nigger-brown and mulatto, in fact, between maduro and claro. Another grading process follows. This is still more meticulous. It is no longer the colour which is graded. It is the shade of colour. And when you come to think of it you have never seen a box of cigars where the individual sticks of tobacco were not exactly the same colour. And if you thought further, you would realise that you would probably not buy a box in which they were different hues.

They are now put into boxes of cedar wood grown in Cuba. This cedar is kept, dried, and seasoned under cover for two or three years before being used for cigar boxes. It is the finest wood for this particular purpose. It is less resinous than any other wood; it is porous, thus enabling the cigars to mature further; and it has of course a delightful flavour.

Other special cigars are packed for cedar cabinets of anything from 1,000 to 10,000 cigars. And here one may point out that all cigars are ordered in advance. They cannot be kept for long in Cuba. They would get the boll weevil or something. At the same time, the local market in Cuba is terrific. Cubans smoke more than twice as many cigars as they export. There are only two or three million of them—men, women, and children—and few of the younger women smoke. Nevertheless, they consume 98,000,000 cigars a year as well as 270,000,000 packets of cigarettes, each containing sixteen cigarettes.

So much for the process of manufacture. The leading brands of cigars are Ramon Allones, Romeo y Julieta, Punch, Partaga, Monte Cristo, followed by Larrangana, Upmann, Bolivar, Intimidad, and Cabana.

And now for some inside information about cigars. Let us take Coronas. The word Corona has two meanings: (a) it is the name of a brand of cigar formerly made in Havana and now in Trenton, U.S.A., from Havana tobacco; (b) it is the acknowledged name or descriptive name for a straight cigar five and a half inches long with a blunt end, which should correctly represent a high grade cigar of this shape of the particular brand in which it is sold. This sounds pretty meticulous, but you may remember that there was a law case a few years ago to decide the problem exactly.

We now come to the fatuities of cigar smokers. The man who puts a cigar to his ear "to hear the music" when he squeezes it is a wise mug. I have it on the best authority that this does not mean a thing. The cigar smoker who puts a cigar to his nose to smell it is in the same category. So is the man who, when looking for a mild cigar, attaches too much importance to a light-coloured cigar. (A brown cigar is ripe and sweet if properly matured, and is not necessarily strong). The cigar smoker who selects the cigar close to the side of the box is another mug, not even a wise one.

If you see a man jabbing his cigar-end on to an ash-tray to remove the ash, he knows nothing. For while it does not necessarily follow that a long ash on the end of a cigar means that the cigar is a particularly good one, you should always flick off your cigar ash gently, leaving some of the ash to prevent the end growing too hot. It is also advisable to avoid re-lighting a cigar after it has gone cold. As for lighting one, you should use a wooden match, and hardly draw to start with, and then draw quietly. It is quite unnecessary to blacken the cigar's end before your first pull, though any pseudo-experts think it essential.

There is nothing specifically wrong with using a cigar cutter, but it must be very carefully handled to prevent its tearing the leaf. Puncturing the end with a match stick or a ladies' hairpin is perfectly proper. Cigars with the "marble headed" top—in other words, the oval top—ought to crack gently open when squeezed if in good condition. The more sharply pointed type of a cigar should be cut.

As for keeping cigars, they should be always in a temperature of 65 deg. But remember that they should never be put in a cupboard with fruit or spirit or anything else. Nothing acquires odours so quickly as tobacco, and cigars in particular will take up any smell. As for putting your cigars in a flannel bag, this is most desirable if there is excessive moisture outside. For the bag absorbs it and keeps the cigars in fine condition.

EXPERTS ALL: Men engaged in rolling cigars in a Havana factory. The best workers will make about fifty high-class cigars or a hundred and fifty coarser quality in a day. The art is handed down from father to son

HIGH-HAT DAUGHTER AND VULGAR PARENT: Round these two characters, the one played by Anne Shirley and the other by Barbara Stanwyck, revolve the drama and tragedy of the Samuel Goldwyn film *Stella Dallas* which recently began its run at the Regal Cinema. Miss Stanwyck as the "mother who is not good enough" gives a first-class performance and dominates the picture, whereas in several recent productions, notably *His Affair* with Robert Taylor, she allowed herself to take a secondary position

On STAGE *And* SCREEN

Glitter and Glamour at the Prince of Wales' : Agate's Dreyfus Play : "Yes and No," Another Bright but Trivial Comedy : Covent Garden's Skating Ballet

By PHILIP PAGE

Possibly it *is* not entirely fair to judge a production so manifestly unready, though one had been invited for that purpose. I think that with the deletion of much material and quickening of the pace generally *Les Folies de Paris et Londres* should be a success. Among its assets is M. Emile Boreo, who can sing French and other songs with a sort of *staccato* vivacity and an energy altogether astonishing. As an impersonator of famous conductors he was less successful, unless the point of the joke was that he was deliberately being as little like them as possible.

I would remind M. Boreo that Sousa, for instance, had a beard. Miss Nayan Pearce—here, indeed, is glamour!—is a lovely young creature who dances well but gives little indication that, as yet, she can act. Great applause, which she deserved, went also to an American blonde, Miss Collette Lyons, who had an electric personality, and is what I suppose should be called a snappy wise-cracker.

Mr. Peter Haddon, poorly supplied with material, lounged in occasionally like some being from a better-bred world.

THE key-note of the revue, *Les Folies de Paris et Londres*, at the rebuilt Prince of Wales' Theatre is, officially, glamour. Arc-lights of immense power dazzled my eyes the moment I left the peace of the pavement of Coventry Street on the night of the *première*. Prominent on the programme was the announcement of "Fifty Glorious Glamour Girls." Glorious Glamour Boys concerned with some musical squabble distributed pamphlets to the arriving audience and made indignant little speeches in the course of the show until their glamour was extinguished by commissionaires in the most glamorous liveries I have ever seen.

Orgies of glamour were provided by the costumes. But this is not a case for adding "What there was of them". For surely in no non-stop revue has female flesh been so consistently and so amply covered. Those who looked for nudity (if beings so foul and degraded are to be found anywhere near Coventry Street) must have been disappointed.

Indeed the items hardly called for it. An episode at the Court of Versailles in the olden times inevitably means women in skirts of voluminous immensity, although these were of the period of Louis XV, the Court Physician was of the period of Charles X, the Court Jester way back in the 15th century, and the King himself either Louis XIV or the Speaker of the House of Commons—I would find it hard to decide which. Anyway, everyone was well and truly and most expensively draped.

Another twenty minutes or so was devoted, most aptly, to excerpts from *Lady Madcap*, a musical comedy success of the old Prince of Wales'. Since stage-nudity was unheard of in 1904, this was a highly decorous affair and, moreover, very well done indeed.

Strip-tease appeared in the turn of a lady-trapese-artiste, who swung near the top of the proscenium. But the dis-robing aspect of her act was so very subsidiary to the peril in which she seemed to be. At one moment I felt she was about to solve that discussion as to what rates were being paid to the orchestra by the simple method of falling on it and putting paid to the account in every sense of the word.

The aftermath of this turn took an unconscionable time but was not unentertaining, for we were able to watch the lady's assistant tidying up ropes and pulleys in the presence of the King of France.

Immensely did I like John Bayers's Educated Apes, who did clever tricks on bicycles and things with an air of philosophical detachment lacking in certain others concerned with the production whose anxiety was evident. The Educated Stage-Director, the Educated Electrician and Engineer, the Educated Musical Director, and others must have had a perturbed four hours; indeed, at one time it seemed as if this would be a non-start revue, for the curtain rose long long after the announced time.

"IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER": From the moment Marcia West, the Pasadena heiress (played by Olivia de Havilland) sets eyes on the actor Basil Underwood (played by Leslie Howard) she cannot resist his charms and the ruder he is to her the more she becomes infatuated. This is the rather ordinary theme of the new Warner picture which comes to the Gaumont Theatre on November 14. The acting is polished

"I Accuse."—"*Entre autres conceptions d'utilité commune,*" once mused Montaigne in the Museum at Madrid, "*qui ont inspiré au Roi Notre Seigneur le désir ardent dont il se sent animé pour le bien de ses vassaux et pour la propagation du bon goût en matière de Beaux-Arts, l'une fut celle de former et d'offrir à la visite publique une copieuse collection de tableaux nationaux et étrangers d'après l'ordre des différentes écoles ; institution qui, en même temps qu'elle embellissait la capitale du royaume et contribuait à la splendeur de la nation, procurait aux amateurs l'occasion du plus honnête plaisir et aux élèves des arts du dessin, les moyens les plus efficaces d'avancer rapidement. S.M. destina à cette si digne entreprise la grande collection de précieuses peintures qui décoraient ses Palais royaux et maisons de campagne et assigna des fonds pour l'aménagement des salons et galeries du magnifique Musée du Prado, où la collection devait se placer.*"

In thus following distinguished footsteps and leaving such musings which have as little to do with the late Captain Dreyfus as the pagoda in Kew Gardens, I proceed to Kew and to pay my tribute to Mr. James Agate's scholarly *I Accuse*, which I enjoyed from beginning to end. As the "Q" ships were mystery ships, so is this "Q" play a mystery play, for it is hardly likely that

BATTLE OF BLADES: Rudolf Rassendyll (Ronald Colman; right) and Rupert of Hentzau (Douglas Fairbanks, Junr.) fight out their differences in one of the many dramatic scenes in the Hollywood version of Anthony Hope's Ruritanian classic, *The Prisoner*

THE DUTCH BALLET ACCOMPANIED BY DUTCH MUSIC is the highlight of *The Laughing Cavalier*, the musical comedy period piece now at the Adelphi. In the centre is Nini Theilade nimbly footing it in voluminous skirts. The action of the dance has been caught with remarkable truth by the camera

light will ever be thrown on all the dark passages of the Dreyfus case.

For that reason it is unfair to expect Mr. Agate to be as explicit as he would have to be if he had written a simple, sentimental comedy of the *Sweet Lavender* brand. As to the argument that too much historical knowledge on the part of the audience has been assumed, it is as pointless as a wall round a cemetery—those who are outside don't want to get in and the occupants can't get out. That is to say, people interested in a play about Dreyfus know the skeleton facts (and probably a great deal more), while those who neither know nor care about Dreyfus are not going to trouble to learn them, and will keep away from any theatre where there is any such play with the stubbornness with which I would avoid any and every "crime-thriller" drama, if my occupation permitted me to do so.

So when this play comes to a West End theatre—as it should and as I hope it will—Mr. Agate should be under no compulsion to tell his audience, whether by means of a preliminary scene or a note in the programme that Alfred Dreyfus was a French officer who after a sensational trial for treason was publicly degraded and sent to Devil's Island.

A further point is that it may be presumed that Mr. Agate is not responsible in any case for such sins of omission. The play is not his original conception but "adapted from the German of Hans Rehfisch and Wilhelm Herzog." Messrs. Rehfisch and Herzog mean as little to me as playwrights as Messrs. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, but they doubtless had their reasons for casting the play in the form they did (incidentally, they have left out Dreyfus altogether) and Mr. Agate seems to have had no choice in the matter.

I Accuse is beautifully written. Necessarily it is episodic, but none the less dramatically powerful on that account and, as all live plays should, it rises to climaxes, notably one in which Zola, played with King Lear-like tenseness and tragic feeling by Mr. William Devlin, makes his impassioned appeal. Like the authors, I am assuming that it is known why he did make it.

The facial accuracy of portraits is of minor importance. I do not know what Esterhazy looked like (he lived at Kew for some weeks, by the way) but I do know that Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith's performance—sinister and sneering—was extraordinarily fine. Was Colonel Henry as bucolically boisterous as Mr. George Skillan made him? Possibly not. But this was a living man. Alive, too, was Mr. George Ralph's Picquart. Miss Jill Esmond's Blanche Mounier was sweetly sincere when it might have been only pretty-pretty. In what one suspects must have been difficult circumstances the large crowds and the procedure and costumes of a French court of justice were managed with commendable efficiency.

"Yes and No."—Bright but trivial comedi-ettes are the fashion in London now. *Yes and No* is of the same genre as *French Without Tears* and *George and Margaret*. It has all their virtues in the way of laughter-making and it is as perfectly acted. If anyone has thought that fun in a vicarage is an unsuitable subject for stage mirth he or she will forgive all concerned after seeing how it is handled at the Ambassadors Theatre. There are a stammering curate and a piano and mixed-up love affairs and a proposal of marriage which is assumed on none too sure grounds and an odd family called Jarrow. The result is a delicious success of the frothiest type.

To it contribute Mr. Felix Aylmer (vicar), Mr. Robert Eddison (curate), Miss René Ray, Mr. Denys Blakeloch, and Miss Diana Churchill, who is more brilliant even than ever before.

"Rhapsody on Ice."—The skating ballet at Covent Garden, *Rhapsody on Ice*, is

(Continued on page 256)

of Zenda, which had its première this week at the new Odeon Cinema, Leicester Square, the proceeds going to the Empire Cancer Campaign and the National Trust for Scotland. Raymond Massey and Mary Astor are also in the cast

IN THE ROMANTIC MANNER: Ronald Colman, who plays the part of both Rudolfs, and Madeleine Carroll, as Princess Flaval, in *The Prisoner of Zenda* at the Odeon, Leicester Square. These two British-Hollywood stars team very well

UNDER YOUR WINTER COAT

For General Effectiveness, Be Imaginative About Colour

WHETHER you are going to wear a fur coat this winter or pin your faith to a cloth coat, fur trimmed, introduce somewhere a touch of clear bright colour. Not necessarily in a whole dress, unless you are really happiest out of black, but just at the ends of a sash, or in a two or three toned scarf, or a cluster of vivid flowers pinned at one side of a high neck.

It is Mainbocher who, when every other designer in Paris is loading winter coats with lavish furs, shows simple tailored top-coats because he feels that most women look better dressed if they have two or even three winter jackets instead of having to wear one through all the dark months. He does some with low waistlines and all the fulness at the front, and others with leaf plastrons built up from a narrow waist to the shoulders so that they take the place of revers. All the same, if one coat only is your allowance, have it in black, and sometimes add a coloured hat and gloves.

As for furs, you can have any formal coat smothered in silver fox, or alternatively in blue fox. You can have heavy plastrons and panels of beaver. Or you can let your furrier work diagrammatically with narrow bands of lamb or black seal.

Marcel Rochas takes beaver and puts it on a very unusual-looking coat which we have sketched for you immediately above. Made in diagonally-striped beige cloth, it has a band of beaver down the sleeves and a beaver plastron built up from the waist. Three folds of the fabric form the collar and yoke. Beneath this coat he put a snuff-coloured dress with an inset honeycombed vest and a bodice which formed a crossed sash. His handling of colour is always superb, and some of his favourite combinations this year are black with violet-blue, with scarlet, with cerise and violet combined, and with magenta and green together. He also combines wine and navy, peacock-blue and claret, and dark grey with palma and royal blue.

On the right is Creed's black coat, narrow waisted, and trimmed with black Persian lamb bands which form the fastenings and are lined with scarlet, the same bright colour bordering the wide revers. Most of the fulness in the skirt is concentrated at the back, where there are one inverted and two unpressed pleats. Creed likes coloured linings, and favours especially bright violet, scarlet, and vivid plaids.

Patou's beautiful afternoon frock is the subject of the fourth sketch. Formal in its utter simplicity, it is made in dull black satin with lustrous panels set in down each side and under the sleeves, and a satin lacing at the high neck. This is typical of the unbelted dresses with moulded waists that are so fashionable this winter.

Gold jewellery is tremendously important by day, and the heavier and more chunky it is, the better it looks. Add a necklet to a really high-necked frock, and have one or two barbaric bracelets on the tight sleeves and you will find it astonishingly effective.

Bright fluttering handkerchiefs have come into their own again, for they are tucked into breast pockets of dresses, and into the hip pockets of tailored coats. Match them up with belt and gloves and you can change your scheme with such frequency that you never grow tired of it.

Sequins are the other great stand by. Used discreetly they really can do wonders for tired evening suits and dinner dresses—but they can easily be overdone. Belts, flowers, Juliet caps—all of them are inexpensive and are made in delightful colours—but they need placing with care and they should never be worn unless hair and make-up are absolutely perfect.

A fur-trimmed suit is the grandest thing of all for formal winter parties, since it looks warm and has great distinction. Here is Lelong's black suit, the cape trimmed with silver fox, and the blouse of multi-coloured lamé. The only serious rival to this silhouette is one that shows a fitted jacket, with the fox curved round the hips and up the front to meet the luxurious collar which is narrowed off at the waist

Creed's black coat trimmed with bands of scarlet beneath the Persian lamb. And Patou's formal day dress in dull satin with lustrous insets. Satin and jersey are the two most popular fabrics for afternoon frocks

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE ARE DOING

A Page of Personal Interest

"GIRLS OF THE NEW BRIGADE": Under this title Charles Graves told in his article last week the astonishing story of the private lives of the Merriel Abbott dancers appearing in the Dorchester cabaret, describing how they rise early, study hard, diet rigidly, and after the show is over do not linger for a moment in London's night haunts. If there were any who smiled doubtfully as they read those words, here is evidence for them. This picture was taken in one of their apartments and shows the girls hard at work at their daily French lesson

IT'S AN OLD CORNISH CUSTOM, BUT SOON IT WILL BE NO MORE: Housewives of the fishing village of Mevagissey returning from the communal bakehouse where their dinners are cooked for 1d. on weekdays and 2d. on Sundays. Now electric ovens are being installed in the cottages and the need for the bakehouse is fast disappearing

Below—
ERUDITE ON OPERA: Frau Mitia Mayer-Lismann, official lecturer at the Salzburg Festival, has been in London to give the benefit of her knowledge to the Vic-Wells company on *Fidelio*, thus helping them to give a finer rendering of Beethoven's masterpiece. She may shortly be going to the U.S. on a speaking tour

A ROYAL GIFT FOR AN AUTUMN BRIDE: Miss Jessamine Gordon, daughter of Lord and Lady Dudley Gordon, holding the blue enamel toilet set sent her as a wedding present by Queen Mary. With her is her fiancé, Mr. Michael Harmsworth. Their marriage was due to take place at St. Margaret's on November 2

LONDON'S BEST FREE SHOW: School-children admiring the fine display of autumn flowers in Finsbury Park where the London County Council have some of the finest dahlias seen for years in public gardens. School teachers in the neighbourhood are taking their classes to view them, thus giving an open-air horticultural lesson

The WORLD *of* BOOKS:

The Daughter of a Spanish Dancer, who Became the Chatelaine of Knole; Napoleon as a Hero of Fiction: "Life with Mother" Follows "Life with Father"

By VERNON FANE

FÊTED, PROPOSED TO, AND ADMIRED: Lady Victoria Sackville, that strikingly beautiful, notably unconventional personality who forms the subject of Vita Sackville-West's latest biography. It is being published under the title of *Pepita* and is reviewed on this page

THE strangest, most unreal, and most enchanting book that I have read, certainly for some weeks, is Miss Sackville-West's biography of her mother, the late Lady Sackville, and grandmother, Pepita, the Spanish dancer and "Star of Andalusia."

PEPITA (Hogarth Press. 10s. 6d.). While the author has verified every possible fact, never resorted to imagination alone, and drawn the whole story from contemporary diaries and letters and records, the story remains as fantastic and "high romantical" a tale as ever a novelist evolved.

In 1849, Pepita Ortega, a lovely young girl, set out from Malaga to find fame on the stage in Spain, or in any part of Europe which should prove itself sufficiently appreciative of her talent. The reason for her considerable success, which followed almost immediately, however, lay not so much in her dancing, which probably never exceeded the commonly high standard of girls of her class, but in her beauty, her vivacity, and her exquisite figure.

In Paris, in 1852, as a "famous Spanish *danseuse*," Pepita met Lionel Sackville-West, and they fell in love. Their love story—a tempestuous and not altogether orthodox one, since her Spanish husband obstinately lived on—lasted, with a few breaks but with no lessening of ardour, till her death in 1871. Their seven children were dispersed to convents and schools, and it seemed the end of a rich, gay, capricious life.

There was one daughter, however, who promised to preserve the tradition. Victoria, nicknamed Pepita, at the end of her convent training was sent to London, where her aunt, Lady Derby, befriended her, while her aunt, the Duchess of Bedford, withheld her judgment. Finally, a solution is reached, and Victoria, to give her her right name, is despatched to Washington to be hostess to her father, recently appointed British Minister there.

In America Pepita was a furore. She was very beautiful, completely unconventional—or so it was then considered—and full of life and wit. The account of her stay in Washington reads like a fairy story—from her sleigh rides with infatuated young attachés to her winning a £3,000 pearl necklace for being "the nicest girl in Washington."

On her return to England Victoria's success continued. She was fêted, proposed to, and admired. Finally, history repeating itself a little, she fell in love with her first cousin, Lionel Sackville-West, and he with her, and they were married.

Knole, the loveliest of Elizabethan houses in England, became hers, and with it the tradition of centuries of English owners. From this point the story is written in direct intimacy, for the author is writing about her father and her mother. The impact of that beautiful creature on a life that was perhaps the epitome of all that was English, is a very curious study. Speaking of Knole, Miss Sackville-West says, "She never got its values right; one could not have expected that of her.

"She was too Latin, somehow; too unreal; too fantastic altogether; too un-English—I often think—that although she went wrong and got every possible value wrong and made my father and me clench our fists in silence whenever she talked about Knole, still, now I see that she contributed beauty to it in her own way, which was certainly her own, and was not the less gracious for that."

A number of strangely dull books have been written about Napoleon in the past year or two, strangely, because it would have seemed quite a feat to write tepidly or unimaginatively about a figure whose whole life was lived with such vivid intensity. However, it has been unfortunately proved that grey books can be written round brilliant figures, and we have learned not to expect too much.

Napoleon in particular has suffered from the scruples of his biographers. Partisanship, either for or against him, has provoked some excessively wordy defences and attacks, none of them having much relation to readability. There is also the school of thought which, except for the widest and most airy framework, abandons hard facts and adventures in the dangerous realms of fiction. Their Napoleon is still a Corsican, and still, generally, a great man, but he has little else in common with the figure we know from our inelastic history books.

When the fictional method succeeds it is apt to be very good, though, because the theme is one of such grandeur and such passionately human interest that it must be difficult for a writer of spirit to treat it without colouring it with his own theories and opinion.

This is the method which Mr. David Pilgrim has chosen in his excellent book, SO GREAT A MAN (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.). The period he has chosen is the span of less than a year, 1808–1809, when half the Emperor's army was in Spain, when Talleyrand was plotting against him, Tsar Alexander was losing his confidence, and lovely Marie Walewska was pleading with him for the freedom of her Poland. It was a time of great splendour in the Imperial Court, but it was also a turning-point. Within a year Napoleon's power, however imperceptibly, had begun to wane, and the shadow of 1812 was stretching towards him.

"In presenting these events," writes the author, "I have kept as closely as possible to the records. But imagination must fill in the gaps which history left vacant, and in allowing imagination to do so, I have tried to remain as consistent as possible with the known facts and characters of the story and not to force unduly the melodramatic quality of the period beyond its natural possibilities."

The result is a long, richly adventurous, completely satisfying story about an epic time in European history. One is only reminded of the book's fictional aspect by the easiness and vitality of the dialogue, and the picturesque colour of the descriptive writing. A grand book.

LIFE WITH MOTHER (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.) is, very rightly and properly, the successor to *Life with Father*, and the only possible sequel. In Mr. Clarence Day's earlier book, Father, who was shown as a stamping, shouting, gruff-voiced tyrant, was also revealed as a kindly, often puzzled but always devoted husband and parent. Mother was mainly in the background, although in my opinion she often managed to "steal" a scene.

Now Mother is given her full importance in this affectionate, observant and witty little book. The most feminine of women, she lived in a day when women's independence was regarded as something a little questionable, when allowances were an innovation and still called pin-money, and when ladies changed at four o'clock to receive callers.

Father was the master of the house, but indisputably it was Mother who got her way. All the wiles were hers, and her charm, which must have been very great, outweighed her indecisions and obstinacies, her total ignorance of money or any business matters, and her own quick flashes of temper, though these were usually called forth only in defence of one of her little family.

It is a rare and delightful experience to make friends with a "book" family as completely as Mr. Day encourages us to do with his. Certainly he has nothing to fear in introducing them. The four boys and their mother may differ in every other essential, but they have two very striking assets in common: red hair and a quality of real lovableness. If there were any doubt about this, one would only have to read that inimitable chapter, Mother Shows Us Off.

Two of the books I have read this week fall into the category of fairy stories or extravaganzas, though apart from that they have no single thing in common.

The first, Herr Hans Fallada's SPARROW FARM (Putnam. 7s. 6d.) is, by the author's admission, "a crazy tale" of a city clerk who flew into the country for a holiday. Once there he found himself involved in the strangest of happenings. Magic and black magic, fantasy and satire all play their part in a story in which the hero is half-clerk, half-sparrow and the other principal characters owls and magpies.

This, as the publishers correctly claim, is the kind of story that could only have been written in Germany. Whether its reading public will be as confined I am not quite sure. It happens not to be my own taste, though I can understand the whimsical charm that it might have for others. To me it was Hans Andersen-and-water, and as such a little difficult to swallow.

Mr. Eric Linklater's excursion into the realms of fancy is, as may be imagined, a good deal more robust in genre. THE SAILOR'S HOLIDAY (Cape. 7s. 6d.) is both rollicking and boisterous as befits its title, and, if it has the inconsequence of fairyland, it has more than fairyland's resourcefulness, and sheer hard-bitten independence.

For Henry Tippus, the out-of-work sailor himself, is *débrouillard* in the best sense of that excellent and untranslatable word. There is no situation yet contrived to daunt him, and his adventures, or rather his stories about his adventures, would be balm to bored ears.

Highly recommended to those who can take their amusement without the spice of satire, in which, for once, the author seems lacking.

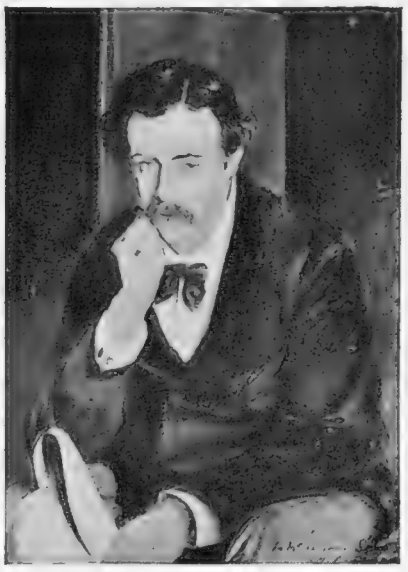
"Only a rank outsider would think of taking two peeks at Dave the Dude's doll—for Dave thinks more than somewhat of his dolls." And more than somewhat do I think of Mr. Damon Runyon's collection of short stories.

Here is the wonder of wonders, an utterly new style, which, however much you may compare it with O. Henry's, rather, I find to Mr. Runyon's credit, reflects a personality of its own, and a *bona-fide* toughness second to none.

It is a curious thing about this small collection of stories, many of which have been appearing lately in a newspaper, that in such a short time they should have had such an overwhelming success. They are good, but so are many other short stories. They are original, but so are at least one or two of their contemporaries. The fact is that by some combination of humour, the unexpected and a trick of writing, these have swept the board. Damon Runyon has become a vogue, and when an

(*Continued on page* 248)

JACQUES-EMILE BLANCHE'S "PORTRAITS OF A LIFETIME"



ARTHUR SYMONS, 1894: A typical example of the portraiture of Jacques-Emile Blanche, the eminent French artist whose memoirs, *Portraits of a Lifetime*, have just been published by J. M. Dent and who has also been in the news of late with his one-man show at the Arthur Tooth Galleries, New Bond Street. *Above on left*—"AT THE BOXING CONTEST, LONDON AQUARIUM": The Duchesse Carraciolo, of whom the artist has many anecdotes to tell in his book, is in the foreground of this picture painted in 1889. Whistler showered epigrams upon her, mostly relating to her "perverted liking" for a certain style of furnishing

On left—JACQUES-EMILE BLANCHE, BY WALTER SICKERT: An impressionist's impression of the author of *Portraits of a Lifetime*

"SCOTCH"
STANDS FOR

SPEY ROYAL
GILBEY'S
TEN-YEAR-OLD-WHISKY

LEOPOLD OF THE TWO BELGIUMS!

(Continued from page 226)

In the past the top-dog Walloons myopically denied the Flemings' equal status. French was rammed down the latters' throats; few Flemings were allowed to get anywhere in governmental life. In brief, the Walloon attitude suggested their fellow-Belgians as being heavy, inferior clods. Rather strange, if one considers what the Flemings have produced in art and other things, but none the less so it happened.

The Walloons might have seen a good deal of writing on the wall—Flemish history, Flemish character—but chiefly they would have done well to hold census figures steadily before them.

To-day the Flemings are numerically in the ascendancy, and this advantage they wish to augment by progressively "flamandising" disputed frontier territory dividing them from the definitely Walloon country. Essentially, they want to take over Brussels. And for this purpose they are already "ringing" round it, demanding, as legally they are entitled to do, that each and every district and village of the environs that showed a Flemish majority, even of one, at the 1931 census, shall "go Flemish," that is to say, shall use only the Flemish tongue officially and in schools.

It is a big and bitter battle that has begun, this linguistic war, which just now is centred on the town of Enghien, ten or a dozen miles from the capital. Here the mayor has gone on strike against flamandising his town, even if the census does dictate that he shall. Enghien is becoming a test case.

From the purely cultural, the attempted Flemish breakaway has now gained the political sphere, as the sponsors of this racist movement always intended it should. The Flemings are out to have their own language exclusively (they daub out French notices, street names, and signposts and seek to blacklist families that talk French), their own law, administration, and army. The thin edge of the wedge in the last respect is the gradual appearance of all-Flemish units up to Division, with words of command to be given in Flemish only.

Perhaps it would not be unreasonable to sum matters up thus, from the standpoint of Ghent, cultural capital of the movement :—

"Our ultimate objective is complete autonomy, comprising all districts where Flemings are in a birth majority, as in Brussels. We intend to oust the Walloon dominancy in Brussels and to install ourselves there instead. This would obviously in due course lead to a Flemish ascendency also in the national Cabinet. We are aiming at that too. We are prepared to remain in a United Belgium provided the Walloons are ready to play second fiddle for a change. *We* would be the Government, for a change. If the Walloons will not agree to this exercise of the right of the majority, then regretfully we may have to envisage looking towards neighbouring frontiers."

Such is an extreme statement of the case yet I do not think it is basically in error. It is, I imagine, roughly what the King and Van Zeeland had in mind in granting that fateful amnesty, and what they retain in mind to-day.

There are cross-currents in this tale, that I have not been able to deal with, such as Ostend's and the Flemish coast's desire for bilingualism, on tourist grounds, and the influence of the Church which, while weighted down on the side of the devout Flemings, is by no means opposed to considerably Catholic Wallonia. Cardinal Van Roey of Malines will unquestionably exercise notable sway in matters ahead, even as one word from him at the last moment put Degrelle, the Rexist, violently out of court. His Eminence, indeed, may well emerge as the second most important personage in the country.

As to the first most important, there is no question. London is about to welcome him, and the sympathy already extended to him on account of his not reparable personal loss, and for his being a good sort and sincere friend of England, can only be deepened if you bear in mind the circumstances of the two conflicting Belgiums that he has been called upon to rule.

CONTINUATIONS

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(Continued from page 246)

author becomes a vogue I am told that his publishers can lean back with complacent smiles and take a purely objective view of the business of publishing.

MORE THAN SOMEWHAT (Constable. 7s. 6d.) has one outstanding peculiarity. The stories are written entirely in the present tense, and although this may seem at first thought to be a simple and trivial trick, in actual fact it is responsible for at least half of the writer's success. It sounds odd, but it also sounds very funny, and since it is unfamiliar, it is all the easier to remember.

Now I am waiting to see if Mr. Runyon hauls off and publishes another volume of very nice stories indeed, for I figure that I am laughing at them quite some.

In addition to the books reviewed on page 246 and on this page the Editor also draws the attention of readers to the following new publications :—

Other People's Money, by Charles Graves. *(Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 7s. 6d.)*: This inquiring journalist, with a flair for probing into the facts and figures of life, here tells in a series of entertaining chapters how housemasters, bandsmen, portrait painters, doctors, clergymen, and engine drivers earn their money, and many a little-known fact regarding the nature of their occupations. Some of the articles appeared originally in THE SPHERE.

Snow on the Equator, by H. W. Tilman. *(G. Bell and Sons. 12s. 6d.)*: A mountaineer tells the story of adventures in Africa, including a bicycle ride right across the "dark continent," a distance of 3,000 miles.

Ex Africa, by Hans Sauer. *(Geoffrey Bles. 18s.)*: An intimate account of his adventurous life by a noted South African who was at Kimberley in the early days, on the Witwatersrand in its infancy as a gold mining centre, a participant in the Jameson Raid, and a colleague of Rhodes at the famous Indaba of the Matopos.

Across Cyprus, by Olive Murray Chapman. *(John Lane. 15s.)*: The writer travelled across the island by car, cycle, and mule in the spring of last year, and the record of her journey bears the stamp of trained observation, so admirably does it conjure up the atmosphere of the countryside.

Skye High, by Hesketh Pearson and Hugh Kingsmill. *(Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.)*: The story of a tour through Scotland in the wake of Samuel Johnson and James Boswell. The authors have neither "written up" nor "written down" Scotland and the Scots, and have not forgotten that some people like humour to leaven stodgy fact in travel literature.

Peter Beckford, Esq., by A. Henry Higginson. *(Collins. 15s.)*: This is the first biography ever written of the sporting squire who produced perhaps the greatest of all hunting classics. He was a man of varied tastes and wide culture with a flair for the now almost lost art of letter writing.

The Private Letters of Princess Lieven to Prince Metternich, edited by Peter Quennell. *(John Murray. 18s.)*: Princess Lieven left strict instructions that her private letters to Metternich were to be kept secret for a hundred years. The time for release has come and this book is the result. Week by week, from 1820 to 1826, the Princess wrote in the frankest and most outspoken way, detailing for Metternich's benefit the political and social events of the day. She mixed with all the leading people of the time and she was in no way averse from enjoying political secrets, gossip, or scandal. George IV and his family, Wellington, Castlereagh, Canning, Peel, and very many others, of all walks of life, adorn her pages.

The Gull's Way, by Nancy Price. *(Victor Gollancz. 10s. 6d.)*: Here a noted figure in the world of the theatre takes us down to the sea and tells us something of her experiences among the fishing folk.

H. M. Bateman, by Himself. *(Collins. 10s. 6d.)*: This witty autobiography will sell in thousands when Christmas comes along.

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THE APPROACH TO ST. PETER'S, ROME, as it now appears, a row of houses having been pulled down to make one wide street. *Below*—The design for the new barrier which may be built according to Bernini's original plan

MOST people know that to reach the church of St. Peter's one once had to walk through two narrow streets, but few people realise that ever since the Renaissance there has been a plan to pull down the blocks of houses which divided these narrow streets to make one wide street leading to the church. This plan by the wish of the Duce, and with the approval of the Pope, has been carried out, and it is for the authorities, artists, and the public now to decide whether there is to be an uninterrupted view of the church or whether, as Bernini wished, a *nobile interrompimento* (a noble barrier) should be placed there, leaving the church and piazza partially hidden. The famous architect Marcello Piacentini has made designs for this and he has also made a copy of the barrier in wood. This slides to the right and the left and is worked by electricity so that it is easy to see what the effect will be if a permanent barrier is set up. Y. M.

HERE *and* THERE

"Classic" Christmas Cards: We have just received a selection of Messrs. W. N. Sharpe's new designs in this series which once again maintains its high standard of excellence. A card that should make a very strong appeal is that depicting the Coronation, showing the Archbishop of Canterbury in the act of placing the crown on King George's head with the other ecclesiastical dignitaries and the peers gathered round. It is taken from the original painting by Fortunino Matania, R.I., an artist particularly well known to SPHERE readers.

London's Beth-Din: The article under this heading, which appeared in THE SPHERE of September 25 and gave such an interesting insight into the work of the ancient Court of the Chief Rabbi, was written by Dayan A. Feldman. By an unfortunate omission this was not mentioned at the time.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, K.G., in his letter of Commendation of the above Society's recently published book *Where Dreams Come True* wrote "I hope that the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship will be able in future years to publish as interesting a second volume as this one of how poor children are given a chance." *Where Dreams Come True*, being an interesting record of the Society's great work which it has carried on for ninety-five years, is on sale at the Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2. price 2s. 6d. or by post 3s., and a special request is made to readers of THE SPHERE to purchase copies to enable the Society to make "More Dreams Come True".

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries by letter addressed to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot, however, be accepted

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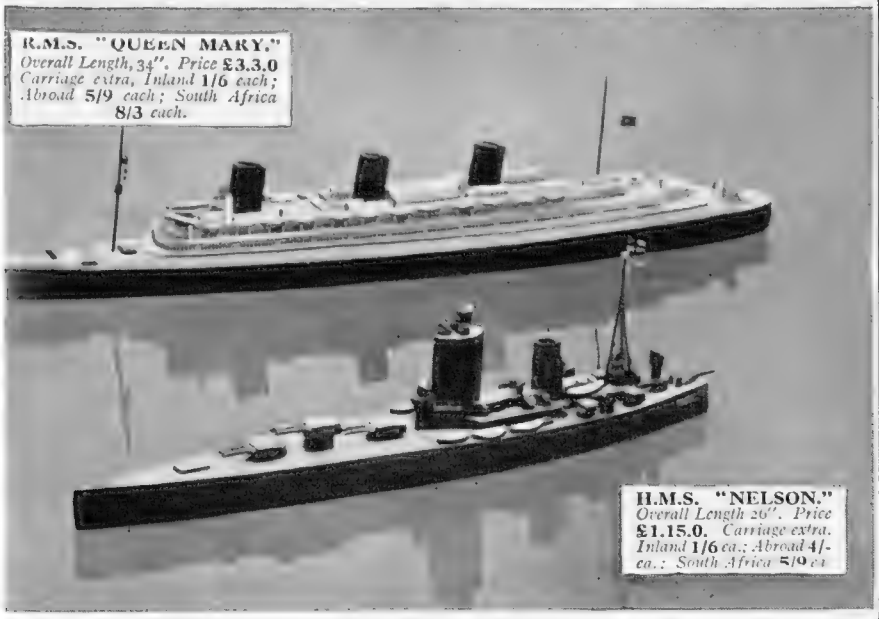

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CARIBBEAN CRESCENT: *Our West Indian Possessions and what they have to Offer the Winter Traveller*

AMONG the many hundreds of islands which form the great crescent which girdles the Caribbean Sea it is difficult to choose the most fascinating. In this article I propose to deal with some aspects of the most southerly of the islands—Barbados, St. Vincent, Grenada, and Trinidad.

RURAL BARBADOS: The quiet charm of the island has much in common with the homeland

All these are under the British flag yet that is perhaps the only thing which they have in common. Each has its own individuality.

I think that the reply of the Barbadian stoker who, on being congratulated on rescuing a shipmate who hailed from Hong Kong, from a dockside brawl, replied, "Well, we Anglo-Saxons must stick together," is apocryphal. Yet the story well illustrates the loyalty of the inhabitants of Barbados. The island has remained British since 1605, it only surrendered on honourable terms to Cromwell's fleet in 1652, and repelled that of the Dutch Admiral de Ruyter in 1665. Later, at a period when West Indian islands were changing hands like so many pieces at backgammon, it was secured from the French by Rodney and twenty years later from the same enemy by Nelson. In the late war an internal explosion thwarted a threatened descent by the *Karlsruhe*. No wonder that Britannia is the favourite motif of the island's stamps!

One can sail direct from England to Bridgetown. On arrival the bustling shoreboats, which crowd out to the steamer, give an instant impression of the colour and cheerfulness which is the essence of the West Indies. In the harbour, called the Careenage, from the use to which it used to be put in the days of sail, lie vessels of every description, from trim yachts to shabby schooners, which ply from island to island. Bridgetown itself is not beautiful; but in its streets you will find every evidence of the happy state of affairs that exists there in pleasant contrast in the main with that in some other countries where white and coloured live side by side.

If Barbados is your first introduction to the West Indies, you will at once be forcibly struck with the importance the islands have had on life in England. Apart from the riches which flowed hence to the benefit of English families, it is interesting to consider whether Chippendale and Heppelwhite would have been inspired to execute their masterpieces without mahogany wood to work in, interesting to reflect on what an important national article of diet the banana has become, or whether the English seamen of the eighteenth century would have survived as well on, say, whisky as they did on rum.

Barbados, like the England after which she is nicknamed in miniature, does not cater for those who like dramatic landscapes; but, like England, she has charm. At Codrington College, for instance, you will find the dignity of the architecture of the early Georges in surroundings of gentle beauty. Of university status, Codrington was built originally out of a bequest to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. The bequest included some 300 slaves who must have been a cause of embarrassment to the Society. In particular the gracious lines of the Principal's house, the noble cabbage palms, and the reflections in the calm waters are pleasant features of this ancient foundation. Or you may care to visit Long Bay Castle, a fine example of colonial architecture and one of the many plantation houses scattered over the island and reminiscent of the days when the rich planters used to come to London and there amuse society with their ostentatious show of wealth.

A favourite expedition is that to the Animal Flower Cave. The drive may be made to include a visit to Nicholas Abbey, the only house in the colony having chimneys, and one which will take you through delightful scenery. First come seemingly endless sugar plantations which presently give way to a series of deep gullies full of tropical vegetation until Turners Hall Wood is reached. This last is a splendid remnant of tropical forest suitably inhabited by monkeys which have been, however, imported. The loveliest point on the drive is Cherry Tree Hill. Here there are some magnificent mahogany trees and the view is really wonderful. It is from here that one may survey Scotland! Not content with the nick-name of Little England the Barbadians called this delightful district of little mountains and valleys stretching away to the sea after the sister country. The famous cave is reached by a rough stone stairway. The "flowers" are of the sea-anemone order, and with their brilliant colours and slow graceful movements give the impression of some fantastic subaquatic ballet.

Before you leave Barbados you should visit St. John's Church which contains a curious sight. This is the tomb of Ferdinando Palaeologus, last lineal descendant of the Imperial Byzantine family of that name—and vestryman for over twenty years.

Kingstown, the capital of St. Vincent, is reached overnight from Barbados. Unlike the latter, the island was for short periods in the hands of the French and rebels. The capital is a town of wide streets and has a soothing atmosphere very different from the bustle of Bridgetown. This is true of the whole island; and it is difficult to imagine the appalling scenes which took place here in 1812 and again in 1902 when the Soufrière volcano burst into eruption.

Apart from its volcano St. Vincent is chiefly famous for the wonderful botanic garden at Kingstown which is a feast of tropical luxuriance. The renowned Captain Bligh of the *Bounty* did succeed in bringing hither some breadfruit trees from the South Seas, and here you still may see them. Actually these trees were brought on a second and successful voyage made by the intrepid Captain; and this time the ship was named *Providence*. Possibly the crew did not regard the voyage in a halcyon light; but the useful trees and their descendants have flourished in the West Indies ever since.

THE OLD FORT, TOBAGO: An island that deserves to be better known among travellers

The passage from St. Vincent to Grenada, the next island on our itinerary, is probably the most beautiful in the world. Throughout the sixty-mile voyage the ship is never out of sight of land and the fantastic shapes and brilliant colours of the Grenadines put to shame the vaunted beauties of the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence. Some are bare rocks while tropical vegetation covers others. Of the many, Bequia has a lovely and useful harbour, and Balliceaux is said to be a corruption of *bels oiseaux*, so called from the multitude of birds found by the first white visitors. Too soon the voyage through this marvellous archipelago comes to an end and the rugged shape of Grenada rises above the sea.

The profusion of the bois immortel which covers the lower slopes of Grenada with an orange glow would alone make the island unique. It has other charms. The bottle-shaped harbour of St. George with its ancient fort and red-roofed houses is hard to beat for picturesque beauty.

Even if you have but a few hours to spend you should visit the historic Hospital Hill Forts, scene of the defence by Sir George Macartney against the French in 1779, and drive to Grand Ance Bay with its glorious white coral beach, and back under Richmond Hill to view the panorama over the mountains and valleys of the hinterland. Or, if you are less pressed for time, there are innumerable excursions to be made into the hills, groves rich with tropical flowers to be explored, waterfalls, and such beautiful places as the Grand Etang, a magnificent crater lake 1,740 ft. up Mount Parnassus, or Mount Jay.

Again a night's voyage takes us from St. George's through the famous Serpent's Mouth to Trinidad. Port of Spain, the capital of the world's chief asphalt-producing country, is well paved up to expectations. Its many gardens, gorgeous with bougainvillea, hibiscus, and plumbago, make it a pleasant town.

In such a large island as Trinidad it is possible to pick out only a limited number of places worthy of special mention. You will, of course, visit the famous Pitch Lake at La Brea, first found by Sir Walter Raleigh and the source of enormous wealth. But surroundings which will appeal more to the visitors' sense of beauty are the two superb bays of Salybia and Balandra. With their white sands and the ever-changing tints of the sea they are the ideal of what a tropical sea shore should be.

It is to be hoped that the voyage from the Port of Spain to Tobago will be by daylight. The scenery of the Dragons' Mouths or Bocas is really terrific and the many islands are favourite resorts of people who live on the mainisland.

Tobago is the antithesis of Barbados in that it has changed hands more than any other island in the West Indies. It has also the distinction of being the prototype of Robinson Crusoe's island, though Defoe was probably inspired to write the story by the adventures of Alexander Selkirk on Juan de Fernandez. In spite of the name of its capital town, Scarborough, Tobago is everything that is expected of a tropical island. It has white sandy beaches, many clear streams and rivers, and tree-clad mountains. Little visited, the island is deserving of more attention.

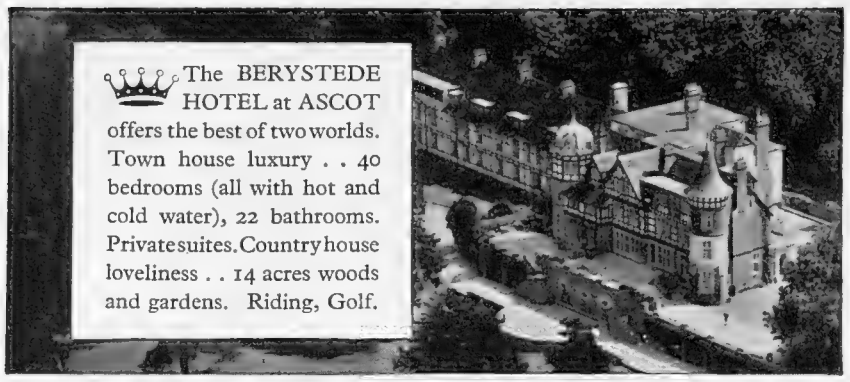
Hugonaut

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

KINGSTOWN FROM THE SEA: The capital of St. Vincent, one of the more southerly islands of the West Indies. The visitor will find there the most wonderful gardens and examples of the breadfruit tree imported by the renowned Captain Bligh

THE RED ROOFS OF ST. GEORGE'S: The chief town of Grenada in the extreme south of the Windward group. There it was that Sir George Macartney fought the French in 1779

WHERE TRINIDAD PLAYS: The beach at Macqueripe, a much favoured resort lying some six miles from Port of Spain



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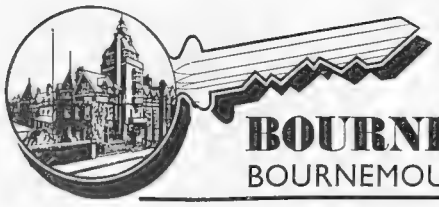

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THEN on to Torquay. For the particular purpose of "the joy of life" we will stay at the Grand. Harry Evans and his band ; a cheery cocktail lounge ; an Escoffier-trained chef and again a squash court to work off the superfluous. Here again, should we vote for something quieter, we could make for Lincombe Hall, the Torquay Hydro, or Templestowe because its proprietor, Captain Tracy Barclay, has been out East and we should have something in common to talk about.

And so across Dartmoor to Bideford, North Devon, an area beloved of men and their women folk retired from the Services. An outstandingly nice place awaits us—Knapp House, near Westward Ho. A country club and hotel where you can just wallow in luxury with lenience to your purse. It's going to be exceedingly difficult to tear ourselves away from Knapp House, so I am warning you !

I note Lynton is next on the list. This at once indicates Lee Abbey, a beautiful country house type of hotel.

Our route now lies through Bridgwater to Bristol. Along this North Somerset coast are some joyous places. Holnicote House Hotel, Allerford, near Minehead ; Crossacres Country House Hotel, Selworthy, near Porlock ; the Dragon House at Washford.

But for Bristol I will substitute Bath, for where can you get better fare than at the Pulteney or the Spa Hotels ? The next place on our list is Reading which enables us to enjoy the fine surface of the Bath Road and visit again the Ailesbury Arms at Marlborough, a model example of how an old coaching inn can be remodelled on modern and comfortable lines.

At Reading one can select the town itself where for quietude and homeliness I would suggest Upcross Hotel, or if the near neighbourhood is preferred Grove Hall Hotel at Twyford, where again one meets proprietors who have lived abroad and know how to welcome and make comfortable visitors from overseas. Other choices in the neighbourhood north of Reading are the Bull at Streatley, the Stag and Huntsman at Hambledon, or nearer Oxford, the Crown and Thistle at Abingdon.

Northward bound we would be sorely tempted to divert westward to the Cotswolds, visiting such delectable spots as the Talbot at Stow-on-the-Wold, or the Lygon Arms, Broadway, and it is but a short detour to Stratford-on-Avon (the William and Mary Hotel), Leamington (the Manor House Hotel), then on to Hinckley, Coventry, and Leicester.

I know nothing at Hinckley, but the big hotel at Leicester is of course the Grand, and as the Bell is a Trust House we have two good ones to choose from. But maybe our journey will permit of our going via Market Harborough, and to be so near and not visit the Three Swans at Market Harborough, owned by John Fothergill, famous amongst other things for his *Innkeeper's Diary*.

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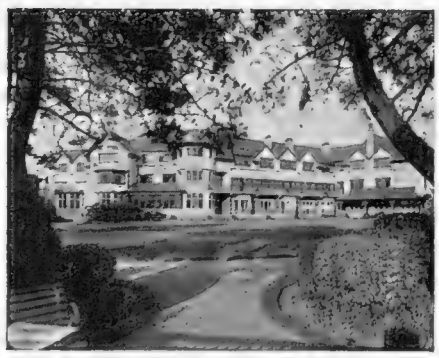

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Under the same management as The Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

For an Indian Army Officer Home on Leave

(Continued from last week)

would be like going to Cairo and not seeing the Pyramids!

Now northwards to Sheffield and Huddersfield. A pity we could not have dodged this industrial area, but our inquirer must have some specific purpose in seeking this information, so here is the answer. The Grand at Sheffield and the George at Huddersfield.

Shaking the dust of factory, mine, and mill off our feet, we will now make for Harrogate via Leeds and spend a night or two either at the Majestic for music and dancing, or at the Granby, a headquarters of the finest English cooking . . . for as I have said before, the two won't mix.

Continuing along the Great North Road we will keep in mind the many attractive places I have described in previous articles as, for example, Otterburn Hall Hotel, Lockerbie House Hotel; and whatever else we have to leave out, we must not omit the Crook Inn, Tweedsmuir, on the Moffatt-Edinburgh road. At Edinburgh we will stop for life and gaiety at the North British, the Caledonian or the Royal British, or for quietude the Alison or the Braid Hills Hotel.

And so from Edinburgh to Glasgow via Stirling, as we are called upon to visit the latter town as well as Tillicoultry. Neither place appeals to me to stay in but I should be grateful for an excuse to visit that part of the world so that I might again enjoy a night at the Castle Hotel, Glendevon, or the Bailie Nicol Jarvie at Aberfoyle. Nor must I forget, if it is the season, the gaiety of Gleneagles, one of the world's wonder hotels. At Glasgow I can suggest little else beyond the Central Station for the reason I never stay in a big provincial town unless I can help it, by which I do not mean any reflection on the hotels, but I do prefer the sound of a tinkling trout stream to that of a clanking tram.

Alas! We must now turn our faces southward—so to the Lake District for a change and the Keswick Hotel for a night. To Settle, Skipton, back to Harrogate, down the Great North Road, making a note of the Old England Hotel, Sutton-on-Trent, 'twixt Retford and Newark, down to Bedford, or thereabouts. Here we can choose the Swan at Bedford, the Pike and Eel at Overcote Ferry, St. Ives, or the Old Bridge Hotel at Huntingdon.

A good journey. Pleasant places to linger in . . . much that we have had to pass by to the right and left of us, but withal there will be a storehouse of memory to take back to the outposts.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*

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Special inclusive Winter Terms now available.

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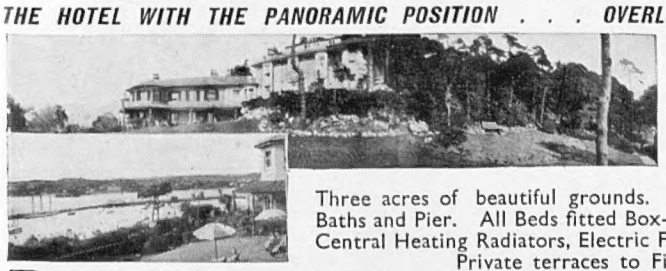
THE HOTEL WITH THE PANORAMIC POSITION . . . OVERLOOKING TORBAY



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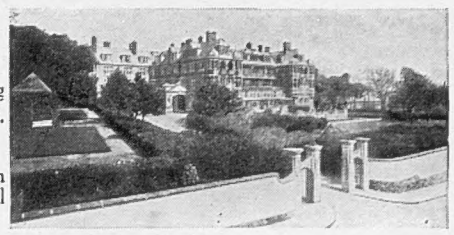

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Modernly equipped throughout :: Electric Elevator

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Ascot.—The Berystede Hotel.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel 1437.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie," West Parade.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Cornwall).—Welltown Manor. Tel. 17
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel. Sea Front.
Bournemouth.—Southcliffe Hotel. Tel. 7140.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Htl. Tel. 3574/5.
Brighton.—Old Ship Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Cornwall.—Rock Hotel for St. Enodoc Golf.
Coverack, Sth. Cornwall.—The Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel. Tel. 132.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Folkestone.—Hotel Wampach. Tel. 3129.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Grange-over-Sands.—Netherwood Hotel.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Haslemere (Sy).—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. Tel. 596
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Haywards Heath.—Birch Hotel. Tel. 670.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynmouth.—Bevans Lyn Valley Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Market Harborough.—Three Swans Inn.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Middleton-on-Sea, Susx.—Southdean-on Sea Htl.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Padstow.—Metropole Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Richmond (Surrey).—Richmond Hill Hotel.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand.
Shrewsbury.—Mytton & Mermaid Htl., Atcham.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel. Tel. 22.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Tempsford, Beds. (51).—The Anchor.
Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.
Wansford-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.
Boroughbridge, York (206).—Hotel Cottages.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Wild Boar Htl. Crook. A.A. R.A.C.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes (I.o.W.).—Gloster Hotel.

(*Continued on page* 256)

THE "RAH RAH" BOYS OF EGYPT

(Continued from page 230)

it boasts 12,500 men) every British soldier will have left Egypt—but not the Suez Canal. Britain's power to "assist" Egypt, i.e., to send forces into Egypt, in case of war, is still unlimited.

(2) "British air forces are allowed to fly wherever necessary for purposes of training."

The official explanation is, now that the methods of war have changed, this is more important than having troops in Cairo where they would be at the mercy of enemy planes.

(3) "The Sudan will be governed as before, by a British Governor-General appointed by the King of Egypt on the recommendation of H.M. Government."

The ultimate independence of the Sudan is an open question.

All Egyptian legislation is excluded from application in the Sudan, the right of exequatur for consuls is vested in the British Government alone, and as a matter of fact no foreign consuls have been appointed to any post there.

(4) "Britain renounces the right to protect foreigners, in favour of Egypt."

(5) "Britain agrees to support Egypt in working for the abolition of capitulations with other Powers."

Special provision is made for "no discrimination, especially in fiscal matters during a transitory period of twelve years. The same transitory period applies to the Mixed Court of Appeal and the Mixed Courts."

Egypt became subject to capitulations during her vassalage to the Ottoman Empire. The Mixed Courts were established in 1875 because of the chaos of the judicial system which prevailed at the time. They were meant to last for a short period, but they will not be abolished until 1949.

The Rah Rah boys and girls of Egypt are back in school now, noisily aware of their part in liberating their nation from the yoke of British power. The girls are back at their books and the Italians can look after themselves. For Egypt is on its own with British might ready to save an ally. Frequently the Rah Rah boys become troublesome, what with the lack of jobs for their seniors and an over supply of candidates. They have organised into Blue Shirts Legions, who march, with Government permission, through the streets of Cairo on auspicious occasions.

When Mustapha Nahas Pasha returned early in June from his brilliantly successful leadership of tbe Montreux Conference, he was given a great ovation by the Rah Rah boys, who regard themselves as the country's saviours. And, having secured independence and broken the back of the capitulatory regime, the young men are now satisfied they can bring their nation into its old-time glory. "By riots did we liberate the nation," they cry; "and by riots shall we outlaw poverty, bring prosperity to the people, and restore the splendour that was ours."

Long live Egypt!

KING GEORGE V AS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE ROYAL TANK CORPS: This portrait by John Shirley-Fox, of Bath, has recently been hung in the R.T.C. headquarters at Bovington Camp

ADVENT OF THE TRICYCLE UNDER-CARRIAGE

—*(Continued from page 232)*

This is surprising considering the struggle for speed and performance which has been intensified during the last few years, for it seems illogical to drag a machine along by airscrews which churn up the air before it passes over the lifting surfaces. The turbulence caused by an airscrew is immense and within the area of disturbed air the surfaces of the wings cannot possibly be working to the best advantage.

The pusher arrangement seems much more reasonable for with the airscrews behind the wings the air can do its work on the lifting surfaces undisturbed and the turbulence caused by the airscrews does not matter. Yet, although advocated by various technical authorities, the pusher has failed to make headway against the conventional tractor layout. There is now, however, a possibility that for war purposes at least the pusher arrangement may come into use again.

Probably the most formidable fighter yet built is the Bell XFM-1 multi-gun twin-engined monoplane which has been built for the U.S. Army Air Corps. It is driven by two 1,000-h.p. engines driving pusher screws and this arrangement enables its armament and fighting power to be increased because on each wing in the forward part of the engine nacelle there is a turret for a gunner mounting a heavy machine gun or aircraft cannon and these give remarkable fire power in a forward direction. In addition there are gun positions in the sides of the fuselage aft of the wings for firing towards the rear. In all the machine mounts six guns and carries a crew of five.

Trials of this machine have only recently begun but on its first trial flight it was reported to handle excellently. It should have a speed of about 350 m.p.h. and with its tremendous gun power is a real destroyer of the air capable of dealing with any bomber. In any case it is likely to be the forerunner of other pusher war machines particularly in the heavily gunned destroyer class.

C. D. Palmer

ON STAGE AND SCREEN

(Cont. from page 243)

pictorially up to the high standard of that theatre and musically quite good, if on the hackneyed side. It was though rather unwise to challenge comparison with the non-skating ballets of the preceding occupancy by playing some of the music so closely associated with them.

So far as rhapsodies on ice can be rhapsodical in the way of entertainment this is certainly the best of its kind. Yet the arrangement is a compromise and can be nothing else, and it is not always a happy one. I found myself constantly wondering whether these were dancers trying to skate or skaters trying to dance. In *legato* movements they were obviously superb skaters.

In essaying dancing steps they were obviously poor dancers, because to dance in the true sense with any steel contraption strapped on the feet is a thing no mortal can do. But little Miss Maria Belita is a genius at her job and Mr. Phil Taylor can move faster on skates, and with consummate grace, than one would conceive possible.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS—*continued.*

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner. Sloane 7111
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square, SLO. 9191.
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.

WALES

Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Hotel Metropole. Tel. 32.
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

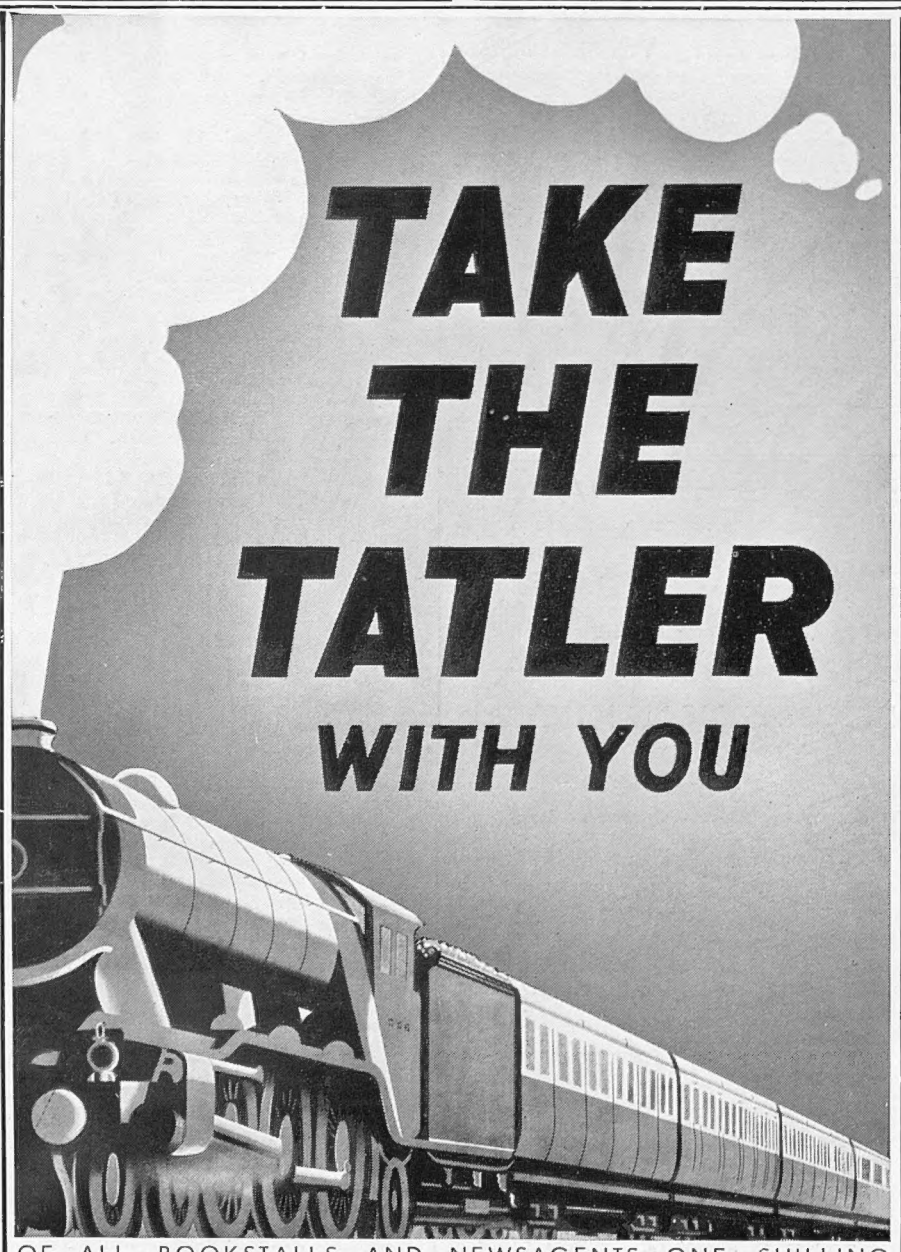
Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

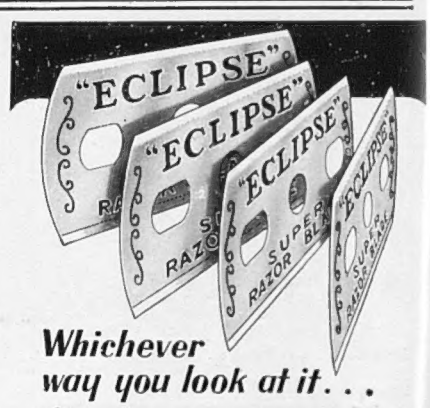
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Guernsey.—The Royal Hotel.
Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel (For Winter Comfort)
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.



OF ALL BOOKSTALLS AND NEWSAGENTS—ONE SHILLING



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1914 1918

"They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them."

By wearing Poppies on Remembrance Day we keep green the memory of those who died. Of those that are left, thousands to-day are sadly handicapped by age, sickness, and the strain of the War years. Their need is the personal responsibility of each one of us.

Please help the British Legion to deal adequately with the increasing need of ex-service men and their families by giving more than ever before for your Poppies on

POPPY DAY
Nov. 11

DONATIONS will be thankfully received. These should be sent to the local Poppy Day Committee: or to Captain W. G. Willcox, M.B.E., Organising Secretary, EARL HAIG'S BRITISH LEGION APPEAL FUND, 29, Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7. Ladies willing to sell Poppies are asked to communicate with their local Poppy Day Committees, or with the Headquarters of the fund. Their help will be of the greatest value.

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before it becomes dangerous

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Vapex is pleasant, safe, economical and dependable. It contains no harmful drugs. Vapex has been stopping colds for over twenty years. Just sprinkle a drop on your handkerchief and a drop on your pillow and breathe the healing vapour freely.

Where colds are caught

—in cinemas, theatres and public halls—in train, tram, 'bus and tube, infection is spread by those who will not stay at home with their colds. Vapex will protect you all day and every day. Germs are everywhere, so take Vapex everywhere. Simply breathe the vapour from your handkerchief.

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"My doctor advised Vapex and now the whole staff use it at the first tickle in the throat. Last winter we did not have one serious cold." —Hotel, London, W.2.

V166

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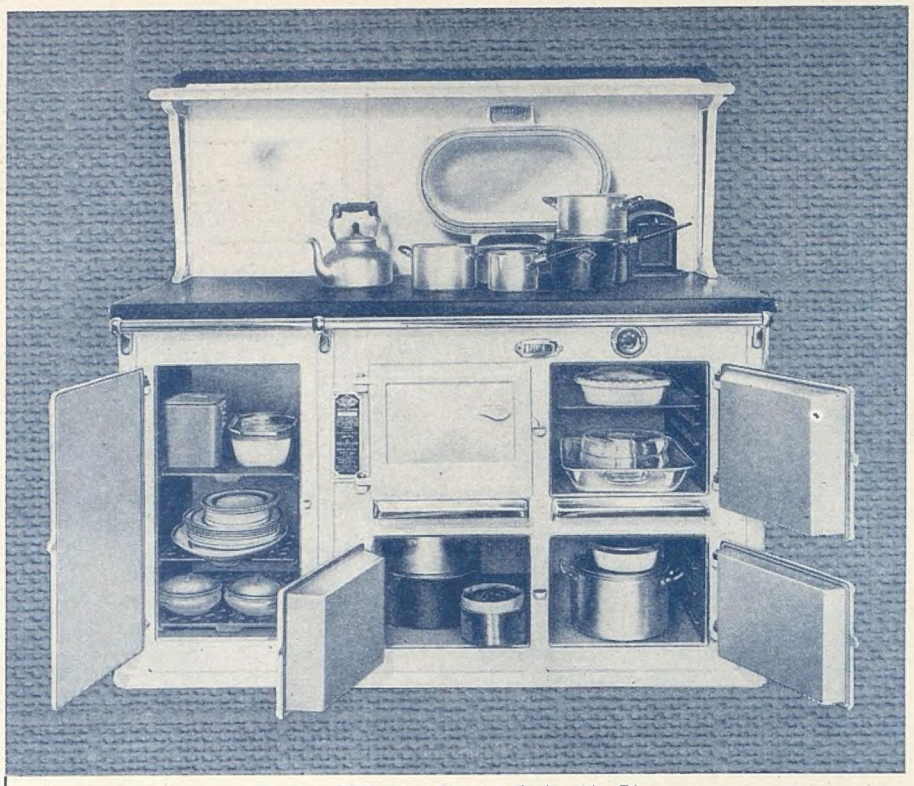

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